'MINING' THE NATIONAL FORESTS

THE NATION

JANUARY 25, 1971 35 cents

EAST ORANGE N J 07019
LIBRARY
UPSALA COLLEGE
10-71R PC-36355 AG

EW YORK'S RED SQUAD:

BOSS Is Watching

CLAUDIA DREIFUS

On Being Monitored ..... JON R. WALTZ

FUTURE SCHLOCK

Robert Claiborne on Alvin Toffler

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

we remember

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Postscript to your editorial, "The Opinion of Mankind" [Jan. 11] on the barbarously excessive death sentence on two Russian Jews—since commuted. Within our common memory—the over-30 generation—a barbarously excessive death sentence was imposed and inflicted on two Jews of another nation. It was inflicted, despite the opinion of mankind, on Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, who deserve to be remembered during and after the Leningrad outcry.

Howard N. Meyer

for a' that

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

DEAR SIRS: It pained me, in your editorial "Nixon's Dilemma" [Dec. 7] to read your slurring reference to President Nixon's *machismo*. Haven't you seen him in televised meetings with the press? Haven't you appreciated the deferential slope of his shoulders? Haven't you watched his hands struggling to come together in ingratiation?

President Nixon has Uriah Heeps of *machismo*.

Robert C. Stephenson

the best we have

Evanston, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I would be sorry if the disapproval of the recent Carruth-Berryman exchange which is expressed by another correspondent in your Letters column [Dec. 21] were allowed to stand as the last word on the subject.

The last word should have been the first one—the review by Mr. Carruth of Mr. Berryman's latest book of poems that set forth what Carruth regards as grave and pervasive limitations in Berryman's work, which he thinks does not measure up to the best poetry of our time, notwithstanding Berryman's high reputation.

It is true, Berryman subsequently protested this judgment as being both unfair and malicious, and it is possible that Carruth's motive was not altogether pure: in the course of the review he confessed to personal dislike of Berryman's poems, on grounds chiefly of what he feels is their pretension. But making some allowance for that, the fact is that he undertook to discuss them in the context of the best poetry that we have, and in terms of the requirements of the art itself. . . .

It is very seldom nowadays that a reviewer of poems succeeds in saying—even attempts to say—anything except small and private things about his material, which he considers only in relation to itself, and about which he seems to think the highest claim he can make is that it is unique —though mere uniqueness in art is rarely interesting at all. He almost never does what Carruth did, in other words, and what as a rule all great critics do, which is to keep in mind the poetry we have, to bring its weight to bear in talking about new stuff, and to show us how that survives the test of comparison. . . .

John Van Doren

correction

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: In your Dec. 21 issue, in the article, "Press Subpoenas: Privilege in a Time of Violence" by Vince Blasi, it appears that you made at least two egregious errors. On page 654, column 2, paragraph 3, did you not mean "unwilling" instead of "willing," and on page 655, column 1, paragraph 1, didn't you omit the word "not" before "guilty"? I'm not used to *The Nation* being murky.

Jean Challman

We stand corrected: "less" should have appeared before "willing" and "not" before "guilty."

The Editors

EDITORIALS

The Catch

The prognosticators we have always with us, and on Indochinese War the favorite prognosis, among journal and lay commentators alike, seems to run logically enou (*1*) Richard Nixon is a political animal, indeed, the m political of political animals. (*2*) Richard Nixon wa re-election in 1972. (*3*) Richard Nixon knows the wa unpopular; there is hardly a hawk left in the count Therefore, before the 1972 campaign gets hot, Rich Nixon will have ended the war as far as the United Sta is concerned, i.e., he will have totally Vietnamized it.

This syllogism is reinforced by a parallel one, wh views the situation from the side of the North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front. The most ardent des of both is to get the Americans out of Vietnam. T North Vietnamese leaders in particular are rational m Indeed, on the record, they are more rational than th counterparts in the United States since the administrati of President Eisenhower—you wouldn't see those fello intervening in a civil war on the other side of the wor assuming that they had the means to do it. Therefo they will facilitate the projected American withdrawal every possible way, and the war will wind down just Richard Nixon promises it will. The conclusion is the sa viewed from West to East as from East to West: t Vietnamization proposition is sound.

It is not that simple, however. Against each of the seemingly unassailable assumptions there is an equal plausible counter-assumption. The enemy would beha according to the formula if he believed we actually i tended to leave. But who—friend or enemy—can belie anything so foreign to the thought and temperament Richard Nixon and his coadjutors? Just as Winst Churchill did not become the Queen's First Minister order to liquidate the British Empire (but he did), c anyone believe that Richard Nixon proposes to go dow in history as the first American President to openly lo a war? If he cannot win the war decisively in a milita sense, he can, given time enough, win it for all practic purposes by keeping the Thieu regime in power (ar what else is the war about?). He can take America ground troops out of combat—that he is doing and und foreseeable conditions will continue to do. He has alread muted domestic opposition by reducing the America killed from an average of about 300 a week to a fifth a tenth of that level. That, with the attendant mutilatio and crippling of the wounded, appears to be an acceptab sacrifice, especially when coupled with claims that thou sands of the enemy are killed in return for these almo negligible casualties of ours. But the war would not b ended. In other words, the President's plan is to make th continuance of the war tolerable.

This possibility is enhanced by the presence of Amer can airpower in vast amounts, with nothing to do exce bomb villages and anti-aircraft positions and make Vie namization safe with air support. Everyone knows tha contrary to Nixon's earlier forecast, American airpower active in Cambodia; in Laos, the bombers were simpl shifted from North Vietnam when a deal was made t

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ll off the bombing there, a deal which, whatever its rms, the Nixon Administration has now disavowed. ixon has considerable freedom to maneuver, and he will :e it for his own political advantage and to pose as the :esident who ended Johnson's war, yet managed to :ep communism out of South Vietnam.

The public sees the first set of assumptions. It does not e the second. In one form or another, and with un-edictable fluctuations, the war may go on for another ve or ten years, with enough American participation to :ep our accomplices from going down the drain. The ar can outlast the Nixon Presidency; that is quite as nceivable as its ending by 1972.

I am Now a Keynesian'

That's what the man said, in the wake of his television nversation.

President Nixon's avowal that he is a disciple of Lord Keynes may be cheering to those who think there is conomic magic in the name, but the fact is that the onversion comes thirty or forty years late. The Keynes nodel had primary reference to government economic pol-:y which would open up investment opportunities for ac-umulated but uninvested profits—the "surplus." Lord Keynes created, in effect, a model for dealing with the lassical type of depression, such as had plagued the Jnited States periodically throughout the 19th century nd into the 1930s.

But that is not the current situation. Now consumers how restraint and demand goes down, but inflation con-inues. Unemployment and prices go up at the same time. t is not a case of prices being forced up because too nany dollars are chasing too few goods. There is no problem about production. U.S. industry is operating at perhaps 76 per cent of capacity.

Mr. Nixon, the new-born Keynesian, hopes to get things moving by his business tax cut of $2.6 billion. This gimmick operates (in theory) when a businessman learns of some new equipment or machinery. He looks at it, investigates it, and is induced to buy or build sooner than he would without the tax advantage. He decides to do it now, while the tax cut is in effect through increased depreciation allowances, rather than later, when he may have to pay more in taxes. But this is on one condition—that he feels confident that business will pick up in, say, 1972 or 1973. Otherwise, why should he invest? Even a hand-picked board of directors wouldn't stand for it.

And then, to the extent that it works, business may replace old machines with new ones which will cut labor costs. Business will normally invest in new equipment, even when the outlook is none too promising, if it will cut costs radically. But that doesn't promote employment.

This particular spiral of inflation has a special quality about it which cannot be ignored. We have been on a particular tack, for so long, that now to reverse or modify the process is not easy. To proceed intelligently one would have to take a look at the operation of the entire economy and single out those areas in which intervention might be effective in checking inflation, and act accordingly. But under free enterprise, that is not easy to carry out.

IN THIS ISSUE

January 25, 1971

EDITORIALS

98

ARTICLES

102 New York's Red Squad: BOSS Is Watching — *Claudia Dreifus*

108 Millions for Defense, But . . . . — *James Clotfelter*

110 "Mining" the National Forests — *Dale A. Burk*

113 On Being Monitored — *Jon R. Waltz*

114 Tokyo, Directed by Fellini — *Angela Carter*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

117 Toffler: Future Shock — *Robert Claiborne*

119 Poem — *Myra*

120 War Crimes: Made in U.S.A. — *Mark Sacharoff*

121 Poem — *Frank Kuenstler*

122 Belitt: Nowhere but Light; Ghiselin: Country of the Minotaur — *Henry Taylor*

123 Aronson: The Press and the Cold War — *Richard J. Walton*

124 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

124 Agape (poem) — *Paul Blackburn*

125 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

Publisher JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Associate Publisher GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1971 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 212
No. 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For example, medical costs are a sore point. After long hesitation and delay, the government passes Medicare. But since the government is not permitted to interfere with business, since private motivation is sacred, doctors proceed to boost prices and hospitals add new equipment, and medical costs go up into the stratosphere. There remains some benefit for the Medicare recipients, but others get soaked.

The government has a stock of remedies if it wanted to apply them to the end that prices might be reduced. This, however, is not the way of a government such as ours. Instead, the government offers business a $2.6 billion tax cut, and hopes for the best.

Monopoly business is spoiled. It is reluctant to go into the capital markets for new capital, even if it felt the need to increase capacity. It has become accustomed to the idea of financing all such expansion from accumulated profits. It is not likely to rise eagerly to the bait of a liberalization of depreciation rules.

There is a demand for residential housing and if money and land costs came down, not to mention construction labor costs, there would be some expansion. But money is high and land prices are still going up. Again, theoretically we could induce the aerospace industries to convert to socially useful projects. But this is not as easy to do as it is to want to do, and the alternative projects would not be as profitable. And profit, as *Fortune* recently pointed out in a not very startling observation, is the name of the game.

So the end may be that the Administration will decide that there is an armaments gap and that we are in grave danger, and return to what is touted as a tried and true remedy: military spending. This will not check inflation; quite the contrary. But that might be the Nixon version of Keynesianism. It would be what one might expect from a President of his experience and proclivities.

Unemployment: Official & Real

President Nixon recently told the press and the public that the actual unemployment rate averaged lower in 1970 than during the recession years of the 1960s. He is, unfortunately, mistaken. Actually, the current estimate of unemployment would read higher had the Department of Labor not changed its counting procedures. Until 1967, the Department in its monthly survey counted as unemployed all those who volunteered that they were too discouraged to look for work. According to its own study, the rate, then, would have been 50 per cent higher if it had solicited the reasons for not actively seeking work. Despite these findings, the Department of Labor decided to assume that anyone not actively looking for work must therefore not be interested in working. So now even those who volunteer their despair—and more are despairing—are no longer regarded as unemployed.

The Department counted as unemployed until recently those who were actively seeking jobs within the last sixty days. This too was drastically changed—to four weeks. Altogether dropped from the calculations of the unemployment rate are the youngest members of the labor force, ages 14 and 15. Since their chances of being out of work are extremely high, excluding them from the labor force count further reduces the official rate of unemployment. Formerly tallied as unemployed were workers who had jobs, but for various reasons were not working and were looking for work. For example, workers laid off because of weather conditions, such as those in the construction trades, fall into this category. Those belonging to this group are now counted as employed even though they are not receiving pay and are actively in pursuit of work.

With each change in its procedures, the Department offers an explanation. But what is unmistakably clear is that its many technical refinements operate in one direction, to further understate the current unemployment crisis. Take the extremely important statistic which measures how widespread are long spells of joblessness. The criterion used for long-term unemployment is being out of work for fifteen or more consecutive weeks. Currently this includes about 15 per cent of the unemployed. This figure is not very high, but only because it fails to tell the whole story. The key word in the definition is "consecutive," which means that it excludes anyone whose long period of unemployment is interrupted by even one day of work.

In the interest of precision, the Department might have developed a statistical measure that does not place an unrealistic emphasis on such brief intermittent work experience. Instead—presumably in the interest of precision—the Department added a question to probe further whether persons reporting long periods of unemployment actually had had brief jobs which they did not recall in answering the previous questions. Not surprisingly, the Department reports that extending the questionnaire reduces substantially the official count of long-term joblessness.

The official unemployment statistics have always underestimated the actual situation. However, the current gap between the actual and officially reported unemployment rates is greater than ever.

Can a Good Man Win?

Is it possible that Senator McGovern just might win the Democratic nomination in 1972 and then go on to win the Presidency? There is something rather terrifying in the prospect. Good men have made it to the White House so infrequently that the thought of George McGovern's becoming President is positively unnerving. We have had, of course, great Presidents, men of high intelligence, courage, vision, fine character and other admirable qualities, but genuine human decency has not been a common trait. George McGovern is one of the rare good men in national politics. It is difficult to imagine his being vindictive or inconsiderate or indifferent to human suffering.

His decency as a human being, let it be confessed, is a distinct liability. But times are changing; perhaps today a good man—particularly if he runs against a candidate who has the opposite image—has a better chance of winning than in the past. As Alan L. Otten wrote in *The Wall Street Journal* not so long ago: "It used to be an axiom, in politics as in baseball, that nice guys all too often finished last." But as he went on to say, "The recen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ections suggest that in politics at least, a good many ce guys are finishing first." Television, he thinks, may elp "good guys fight off bad guys."

So it is just possible that McGovern's single outstanding disability—his decency as a human being—may not rove fatal. In any case we are delighted that he is a ndidate. We remember the superb tough speech he ade in the Senate summing up the case for the McovernHatfield amendment ("We have blood on our ands"). We remember his early and consistent opposion to the war and his good sense about Cuba. We have een puzzled, as he has been, by the circumstance that enator Muskie "sat there for ten years, silent on the anscendent issue—the war."

We applaud the work of the McGovern commission Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection), hich will now be chaired by Rep. Donald Fraser. We emember his eloquent and forceful presentation to the alifornia delegation in Chicago in 1968. We admire his logged fight as chairman of the Senate Select Committee n Nutrition and Human Need to get food to the hungry. We applaud his consistent stand in favor of racial justice, quality and fair play. We know him to be the kind of nan of whom Tom Wicker has written: "personally mild . . tends to speak in complete sentences and simple words, leaves the rostrum before him mostly unpounded"; a man who believes, as he himself has said, that "the task of political leadership is to appeal to what is best in each one of us instead of what is mean and divisive." He is a man of intelligence and courage and compassion. He is not as well known as he deserves to be.

Whether he wins the nomination or not, he has a good chance of achieving one of his objectives which is, as he puts it, to "keep other candidates, including Ed Muskie, from moving too far to the Right" and to force him, and the other Democratic contenders, to take a stand on the war and "the social issues of our time." Among these other candidates there may be those who are better financed, better known, with stronger organizational support and a higher media rating, but none is a better human being than George McGovern.

The Real Conspiracy

How much of the violence attributed to black militants and white radicals is actually instigated, directed, and in some cases committed by paid police informers? Enough is known (see article by Claudia Dreifus, p. 102 this issue) to suggest that this type of informer is being more commonly used than in the past and with a growing irresponsibility on the part of those who direct them. Richard T. Cooper, of the *Los Angeles Times,* provides a most illuminating account of the activities of an FBI informer as disclosed during the trial (a mistrial has since been declared) of the Seattle 7 conspiracy case. For more than a year, this informer, posing as a businessman who opposed the war in Vietnam, worked among the Weathermen and other radical groups in the Seattle area and was paid expenses and a salary that ranged from $175 to $500 a month. During this period he (*1*) purchased 5 pounds of potassium chlorate, a chemical used to ignite Molotov cocktails automatically and, after the FBI had analyzed it, turned it over to the Weathermen; (*2*) took $120 from a Weatherman to buy two cases of dynamite and several hundred caps (the FBI had told him to make the offer); (*3*) provided the leader of the Weatherman collective with an illegal tear gas gun; (*4*) gave instructions in the handling of firearms, including sniper instruction and target practice to the Weathermen, most of whom, as he noted, had never held a gun in their hands; (*5*) used FBI funds to supply fourteen cans of spray paint for use in demonstrations; (*6*) contributed a .22-caliber automatic rifle and tear gas to the Weathermen.

The FBI, he said, paid for the printing of stickers that said "Serve the People, Stop the Pig." He had recruited for the Weathermen. He also testified that he had distributed drugs to others and used them extensively himself; his expenses, reimbursed by the FBI, included purchases of LSD, marijuana, speed, methedrine and "coke." The FBI had told him "to do anything that was necessary" to protect his credibility. On cross-examination he was asked: "Have you ever encouraged people, anyone, since you became part of the FBI, to violate the law?" He answered: "Yes."

That the informer testified to these acts does not imply that the defendants were his accomplices; they will testify, presumably, when the trial resumes. But at face value his testimony supports a contention raised by defense counsel who asked the presiding judge to investigate the possibility of prosecuting the informer. In doing so he said: "A lot of people in the country have not taken this seriously when we say, well, the real conspiracy is in fact the federal government. But here you have in your courtroom admissions of a man who was counseled by the FBI, and was in fact an employee of the FBI, to do illegal acts, and this is an outrage to the people."

And now we have the indictments of the Berrigans and twelve co-conspirators on a charge of plotting to kidnap Henry A. Kissinger. The conspirators include, in addition to the Rev. Philip and the Rev. Daniel Berrigan (now serving prison sentences), four priests, two former priests, four nuns, the well-known Quaker activist William Davidson of Haverford College and Eqbal Ahmad, a fellow of the Adlai Stevenson Institute. When J. Edgar Hoover testified about such a conspiracy in requesting, as usual, an enlarged budget for the FBI, he was challenged by Rep. William R. Anderson (D., Tenn.) to seek an indictment or shut up. Apparently he felt compelled to act once his bluff was called. As the proceedings unfold, this case should receive the closest scrutiny by the press; those named in the indictment constitute, to put it mildly, a most unlikely group of conspirators. One may be fairly sure that, at some point, an informer will surface whose purchased testimony will be a main reliance of the prosecution.

For years *The Nation* has urged Congress to investigate the use of informers by the FBI in political cases, but now the need for such an investigation is more obvious, since the use of such informers is increasing and with it the threat to civil liberties. To secure a conspiracy indictment nowadays all the FBI needs is an informer, some "overt acts" (usually instigated by the informer) and a few wire taps.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK'S RED SQUAD

BOSS IS WATCHING

CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Miss Dreifus is a free-lance writer working in New York, whose articles on political and social questions have appeared in The Realist, New York Scenes, *the* East Village Other, *and elsewhere. Her book on feminism and women's rights,* The Feminine Experience, *will be published by Lancer in July.*

The New York left-wing political scene is as tense these days as a camp under siege. People will not talk freely on private telephones. If a call must be put through, the parties arrange in advance to talk from phone booths. The lawyer William Kunstler dares not interview his clients in his own office. For important client-lawyer meetings, he sends a secretary out to rent a hotel room under a pseudonym. A friend was found recently shoveling fine Afghanistan hashish into the toilet bowl. "Gotta dump the stuff," he said. "I'm being watched. They're after me on political stuff, so I'm not going to give them a chance to get me on a dope rap." And no political meeting is complete unless there is a guessing game, in which all participate, as to which of those present is the actual representative of the police, or other law-enforcement organization.

Not just in New York but all around the country people, particularly radical Left political people, feel someone breathing down their necks. In addition to surveillance by the FBI, CIA, Army Intelligence, Navy Intelligence and Air Force Intelligence, there exists in almost every major city a supersecret department of the police, a "Red Squad," dedicated to keeping an eye on the political activities of the citizenry. San Francisco, Chicago, Buffalo, Los Angeles and New Orleans have their police snoopers. New York's Red Squad is called the Bureau of Special Services.

This secret branch of the police will not be found in published official New York City records. Since the fiscal year 1966-67, the Bureau of Special Services (BOSS) has followed the practice of its big brother, the CIA, of hiding budget information in appropriations for other agencies. In 1967, a payroll for seventy-five civil service employees was reported at $781,758. However, that figure did not take into account moneys expended on untold numbers of police informers. David Burnham, *The New York Times*'s veteran police reporter, estimated that BOSS expended more than $1 million that year. Since then, radical political activity has increased in New York City, and it is quite likely that BOSS's budget is now several millions.

The location of BOSS is as well hidden as its finances. Ray Shultz, a reporter for the underground *East Village Other,* once tried to serve a subpoena on a Red Squad detective. His search for the man disclosed that BOSS's headquarters are dispersed in four separate places, including an office in the Police Department's Community Relations Department on East 22nd Street and another office in the Police Athletic League Building on East 12th Street.

But while little is known about BOSS's money an geography, some important information is available a to its activities. According to the Police Department Boo of Rules and Procedures, Section 1/34.O, BOSS, a sub section of the Bureau of Detectives, has several func tions: to investigate labor disputes, to guard visiting dig nitaries, to cooperate with the United States Immigratio and Naturalization Service in deportation investigations to maintain files on persons arrested or seizures made i connection with anarchistic or other unlawful literatur [*sic*], and to conduct other investigations as directed b the Chief of Detectives or other competent authorities It is this power to "conduct other investigations" whicl makes BOSS a dangerous secret organization. For thi clause permits Red Squaders to tap telephones, infiltrat political organizations, collect files, bug apartments an offices, visit people at their place of business to asl embarrassing questions, and in general to visit upon or dinary citizens a host of other plagues on their civi liberties.

Even the International Association of Chiefs of Police admits that BOSS does a lot more than the official mandate specifies. A 1967 IACP report said: "Actually these [mandated] functions have been greatly expanded and presently involve surveillance over a wide range of public activities. Surveillances are maintained and investigations conducted in matters involving illicit and unlawful conduct on the part of many groups." The police chiefs do not note the criteria BOSS uses to determine "illicit and unlawful conduct." BOSS apparently feels responsibility for keeping an eye on groups—the NAACP, for example—that most other citizens would consider utterly respectable. Last year, a BOSS detective visited various political and religious organizations, including the Ethical Culture Society of New York, a humanist sect esteemed in this city. The officer demanded that the Society file a list of its officials, members and activities with the Bureau. When Algernon Black, one of the organization's leaders, protested to then Police Commissioner Howard Leary, he was told that the police were just conducting a "routine investigation."

The International Association of Chiefs of Police report on BOSS lets other cats out of the bag. In a matter-of-fact, cost-efficiency-minded way, it notes some of BOSS's most glaring bureaucratic deficiencies—and its insidious character. "It has already been established that there is an enormous amount of routine clerical work involved in the operation of the Bureau of Special Services. During 1965 there were approximately 180,000 name

Coming Soon

H. H. Wilson, Politics Department, Princeton, discusses proposals for reorganizing the FBI and alternative methods of selecting its director.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

checks made on the file. Fifty thousand of these were for the New York City Police Department and 125,000 to 130,000 to outside agencies. In addition, personnel clip appropriate articles for the Bureau's morgue files, routinely process periodicals and type and file appropriate index cards."

No one is too important or too insignificant to escape notice from BOSS. "They've even got dossiers on Mayor Lindsay and some of his guys," said an informant quoted in David Burnham's *New York Times* article of August 8, 1969. "I have never seen his name in the file, but someone like Patrick Daniel Moynihan is considered far out by BOSS, and a lot of people like him are in the files." When Black Panther attorney Gerald Lefcourt recently telephoned Lindsay aide Barry Gottehrer on some business, Gottehrer refused to speak on the phone. "Barry said he was convinced his phone was tapped by BOSS," relates Lefcourt.

Not long ago, Jack Newfield wrote an article for *The Village Voice* in which he called the incumbent President of the City Council, Sanford Garelik, the "Agnew of New York." Garelik, a former cop who made his reputation as the head of BOSS, had stated that the Progressive Labor Party was behind an international Communist plot to assassinate police officers. The day after the article appeared, Garelik telephoned Newfield's friend, columnist Jimmy Breslin, to say that he had "official" proof that Newfield was a Communist. Garelik wanted to show the proof to Breslin if they could meet for lunch. "Sure," answered Breslin, "meetcha tomorrow." Breslin then called Newfield to suggest that he come along. Later that day, Garelik called back to cancel the lunch. This permits one to suppose that either Breslin's or Newfield's phone is tapped—or perhaps both.

Besides tapping phones for interesting addenda to its files, BOSS keeps a considerable collection of photographs. No peace demonstration in the city would be complete without the presence of John Finnegan, Detective Third Grade, with his madras jacket, his Hawaiian sport shirt, his skinny black belt, his shiny brass knuckles and his Honeywell Pentax with the long-distance lens. Everyone knows him. The movement in New York is haunted by his carnivorous little smile that alerts even the most naive demonstrator to the fact that *he is being watched.*

Finnegan is intentionally obvious. With their attention focused on him and the cluster of plainclothes men around him, demonstrators tend not to notice the photographic activities of ostensible "newsmen" circulating among them. It has been common practice in New York for plainclothes men to equip themselves with Police Department-issued press cards, although the Department now insists it exercises close watch of press credentials. [See letter, *The Nation,* January 4.]

Someone once called the editor of a small Westchester weekly to ask why his paper was sending photographers to every damn peace demonstration in New York—and why nary a picture was ever published. "We don't have a correspondent in New York," the editor replied, and continued: "and if we did, we wouldn't be covering your demonstrations."

When possible, the Police Department tries to automate its picture-gathering activities. This was learned accidentally last May when employees of the phone company marched into the Union Square offices of Myles Weintraub, director of the New York City Program of the Cornell School of Architecture. The phone workers wanted to install cables to be hooked up with audio-visual equipment located in the Police Department Civilian Complaint Review Board offices in the same building. The equipment photographed demonstrators boarding buses for a New Haven demonstration in support of the Black Panthers. Weintraub immediately went to the New York Civil Liberties Union, which, in turn, got federal Judge Charles Tenny to order the destruction of all tapes and photographs made by the police that day. The judge upheld the NYCLU's contention that "the activities of the New York City Police Department in photographing demonstrations are a substantial interference with constitutional rights. They invade the rights of individuals to privacy and anonymity and are a deterrent to the exercise of rights protected by the First Amendment."

BOSS isn't all computerized, though. Its men can give you the personal touch if they think you merit it. For example, John Raskin and Robert Reilly were arrested at a lawful demonstration held in October 1969. At the 17th Police Precinct, the arresting officers were informed by John Finnegan—he of the madras jacket and Honeywell Pentax—that the two prisoners were "veteran political activists." This bit of information resulted in a severe beating for Reilly and Raskin in the station house that night.

Another function of BOSS is to infiltrate whatever groups it deems subversive. For reasons best known only to themselves, the elders of the Red Squad decided that an organization called Veterans and Reservists Against the War in Vietnam was a frightful threat to the Republic and would have to be eliminated.

Veterans and Reservists was a wholesome, 100 per cent American organization of the kind joined by thousands of people throughout the country who oppose the war in Southeast Asia. It had been founded in 1967 by several former GIs who were interested in mobilizing ex-soldiers—a group previously neglected by the campus-oriented peace movement. Its projects, while brash and brushed with touches of street theatre, were almost always the sort of thing the Constitution protects as "free speech": in particular, leafletting and picketing. But the thought of former soldiers marching for peace really bothered BOSS.

At least three undercover agents were assigned to infiltrate the ranks of V&R, thereby bringing its membership to a total of fifteen. Two of these agents, George Demmerle and Louis Salzman, were working for the FBI, and except for the third agent—Dick Lyons of BOSS—the V&R bunch might have found themselves framed on a variety of weird conspiracy charges.

Lyons, a rambunctious, dark-haired young reservist from Brooklyn, joined the group shortly after its formation in 1967. He was distrusted from the first. For one thing, his manner was violent. He was forever talking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about guns, weaponry and killing—an attitude which didn't endear him to the veterans who had joined V&R with the idea of putting an end to militarism. For another thing, he never seemed to state any clear opposition to the war. And Lyons' imagination was fertile with highly provocative suggestions. Shortly before the V&Rers were to leave New York for the anti-war demonstration at the Pentagon in October of 1967, he suggested that the group take with them gas bombs, grenades, flares and rockets. For the Chicago Democratic convention, Lyons thought the V&Rers should masquerade in army surplus uniforms to confuse the National Guard. One of his bright ideas came during a meeting to plan a demonstration against the call-up of the Army Reserves. "Let's ask Reservists at the rally to burn their weapons cards, thus making them unable to draw their weapons at their next drilling obligation." The burning of weapons cards is a federal crime. Sensibly, the group ignored Lyons' inventions.

As if it weren't enough to be provocative and violent, Lyons was also a drinker, and when he drank, he got mean. At a fund-raising party V&R held during 1968, Lyons got drunk and beat up a young man whom he accused of being a police agent. After that, he ran to the fire escape and proceeded to urinate on the crowd below.

"Many of us wanted to toss Lyons out of the group from the beginning," says Don Young,* a former V&R member. "But somehow no one had the heart to do it. Sometimes we thought he was just a confused, unhappy kid. Sometimes we thought we were just reacting against him because of his working-class life style. You know, middle-class people don't like the way working-class people sometimes become physical. But we should have acted . . . we really should have." To all who knew him, Dick Lyons seemed more of a redneck than a peacenik. But, characteristically, the movement tends to be charitable.

Evidence that Veterans and Reservists had been infiltrated began to crop up shortly after Lyons joined the organization. He and Young had been assigned to a special committee to plan a lawful but theatrical demonstration for Lyndon Johnson's birthday. Soon after plans had been discussed, Young was accosted by two Secret Service agents in the laboratory where he works as a physicist. "We would be very unhappy," they informed him sternly, "if something *bizarre* should happen to President Johnson on his birthday."

"What do you call 'bizarre?'" asked an incredulous Young. "And how do you know we're planning anything for the President?"

"We have our sources," they answered darkly. "Watch yourself!"

Despite the intimidation of Young at his place of business, the "bizarre happening" happened: a long line of male reservists and veterans vomited, one by one, into a 10-gallon hat. A Puke-In, a V&R first.

Then there was the Great Pig Debacle. V&R had purchased a live pig to present to Democratic Presidential candidate Hubert Humphrey when he came to New York in the fall of 1968. Pigasus was its name and it was the V&R candidate for President. When the veterans with the pig approached the Hilton, where HHH was scheduled to speak, their car was pounced upon by Detective Finnegan and a battery of police. Someone had

Jane Sterrett

betrayed the plan. Arrested were three V&R members and Dick Lyons—all of whom were charged with disorderly conduct and various health code violations. It was later disclosed that Lyons was a police spy, and in the end charges against him and the other three defendants were dismissed.

Why did Dick Lyons reveal his status as a police agent? One V&R member explained it this way: "We don't know for sure why Dick blew his cover. From his point of view, it was a stupid thing to do. But despite the fact that the guy was always suggesting crazy things, he was terribly afraid of getting arrested. He had this horrible fear of losing his regular, full-time job. When he did get busted, it must have scared him. You see he was spying on us only part time. He must have figured his regular boss would fire him for getting arrested."

With part-time spy Lyons no longer available for information, BOSS moved to full-time harassment of V&R members. Late-night visits to veterans' homes by De-

*Young is a pseudonym. "I'll tell you anything you want to know," he told me, "but I have a wife and two children and so I don't want my real name used."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tectives Finnegan and Judge of the Red Squad became usual occurrences. Other V&Rers were visited at their places of work.

Finnegan threatened several members, including Don Young, that if they dared to show up at further demonstrations they would be physically attacked. Some individuals were asked to spy on the organization. In the end, the veterans became so disjointed and were made so suspicious by the campaign of harassment that they decided to fold the group.

No one in the New York Left quite understands why BOSS chose the Veterans and Reservists for demolition, but in some ways its members can be grateful that their game with the Red Squad ended when it did. Other groups have been infiltrated by BOSS with really serious results. The Black Liberation Front is an example. Most of its members ended up in prison—thanks to the efforts of BOSS's supercop, Detective Third Grade Raymond Wood. That long story began at the height of the civil rights movement in 1964 and ended in a neo-James Bond cliché that was nonetheless tragic.

In 1964, when the civil rights movement was going well in New York, Raymond Wood, a 32-year-old black rookie cop, was assigned to the Bureau of Special Services for infiltration work. Wood was a strange young man. He was a veteran of the Air Force, a dropout from business administration courses at NYU and Fordham, an undercover cop whom BOSS wanted so badly that he didn't even go through the usual preparatory training at the Police Academy. He went straight into the field to infiltrate the Bronx chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality, under the pseudonym of "Raymond Woodall." Within the Bronx CORE group, Wood became known as an extreme militant; he got the chapter chairman busted.

"We have to do something about Mayor Wagner," CORE chapter Chairman Herbert Callender told his friend Ray Woodall. A conversation something like this followed:

Callender: Wagner is doing nothing to force the construction industry to integrate its work force. We've got to show him that we are unhappy with his inaction.

Wood: Listen, I've got an idea. I was in law school for a few years. [Wood was never in law school.] Why don't you and I go and perform a citizen's arrest on the Mayor. He's breaking all kinds of laws.

Callender: Are you certain that's legal?

Wood: I'm certain.

But it wasn't. Callender and Wood went down to City Hall, attempted to arrest the Mayor and were thrown into jail. Callender was later taken to Bellevue, where he was put under psychiatric examination. The whole city thought he had flipped. As for Wood, BOSS paid his court costs and fines out of petty cash. And Wood went on to bigger fish.

Bigger fish were to be found in a little-known militant organization called the Black Liberation Front, which Wood joined, claiming he was disgusted with the nonviolence of CORE. His victims there were three members, Walter Bowe, Khaleel S. Sayyed and James Cross.**

Bowe, a children's counselor employed by the Henry Street Settlement and a jazz musician, earned extra money for his wife and baby daughter by giving judo instruction to Cross, Sayyed and Wood. Sayyed, a 22-year-old Howard University student, was in the BLF because he was trying to understand what black people had to do if they were to be free. As for Cross, he was an unemployed youth worker and the unofficial leader of the group. And Wood? He was a mean militant who had no patience for white people, was sick of nonviolence, and talked big. No one knew where he worked or why he had so much money. He was charming. People liked him and he had a real way with the ladies. The other BLF members found his talk a bit overimpulsive, but on the whole, he was a nice cat—a good brother.

Wood worked hard to feed his militant image. He was always showing up at the Cross house to say things like, "We've got to get guns to the people of Harlem" and "We've got to get ourselves a few cops!" Attorney Ernest Rosenberger, lawyer for Walter Bowe, has statements from a young man who is willing to swear that Wood had asked him to fill the city sewers with gasoline in order to blow them up. Very incendiary, this Wood.

One of the more curious claims Wood has made is that a month after he befriended Cross, Cross asked him to get wood, boards, gasoline, bottles and nails with which to make bombs. It is unlikely that Cross, if he were really planning to make bombs, would trust someone he had known for less than a month. In any case, on the night of January 18, 1965, Wood showed up at Cross's Lower East Side apartment and presented him with a do-it-yourself demolition kit. The bomb fixings were paid for by BOSS.

Khaleel Sayyed and Walter Bowe dropped over to Cross's place for a social call on the evening of the delivery. With all three in the room, Wood got going on what they must do in order to be real revolutionaries. According to Sayyed the discussion went this way:

Wood: Why don't we do something violent to show that we are violently tired of the way Negro people have been treated in this country? We take judo lessons, but that's only a game. It's time to do something real about the oppression of the Negro people in this country.

Sayyed: I'm tired of things too, Ray. But I'm not *violently* tired.

Wood: Would you like to do something like blow up canal locks on the Hudson River to block traffic? This would have an effect on The Man's economy.

Bowe: You ought to forget your crazy plans.

Wood: We could do damage to national symbols that represent freedom to the people of this country.

No one is quite certain who said it, but as a joke someone played into Wood's fantasies by saying "While you're at it, Ray, why don't you blow up the Statue of Liberty?"

A plot was born. For the next few days Wood became rabid on blasting Lady Liberty. When Bowe told him

**Cross's name has been changed for this article as he is currently involved in another political case.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the idea sounded insane, Wood accused him of lacking dedication. Only Cross seemed slightly interested in the scheme. But Cross was a genuine militant and tolerant of the odd ravings of a brother. His interest in the scheme in no way indicates that he would have actually gone through with the bombing—it just indicates an amusement with Wood and a willingness to play along. And Wood kept hitting him with the idea. "We can get away with it, don't worry. I've got it all worked out." Wood even rented a car, with Police Department money, so that he could go to Canada to buy some dynamite.

The trip was made on February 1, 1965. Wood drove, puffing on marijuana all the way to the border. In Montreal he and Cross met two French separatists, Michelle Duclos and Michelle Saunier. During their Montreal stay, Wood asked for dynamite. "We'll get it for you," Duclos said, "but you have to promise us that no one will be killed."

"We have no interest in seeing anyone killed," replied Cross.

But agent Wood wasn't so generous. "I have no sympathy for white people. None at all, I don't care what happens."

Duclos arrived in New York two weeks later, with sticks of Canadian dynamite in the trunk of her car. She was promptly arrested—as were Cross, Sayyed and Bowe. Saunier was detained in Montreal. The charge: conspiracy to blow up national shrines. That very day Police Commissioner Michael Murphy, tipped off that the FBI planned to claim credit for the arrest, called a rush press conference. Murphy plowed into the room and asked the assembled 100 news reporters and photographers not to take full-face pictures of Wood or to ask him any questions about his experiences as an undercover man "because his life is still in danger." Then Murphy called Wood into the room. "I have a surprise for you," the Commissioner told the rookie patrolman. "Here. . . ." With that, Murphy handed Wood the gold shield of a detective.

How the newspapers loved that! "Gold Badge of Courage for Cop: Outplayed Dynamite!" "Hero Cop Infiltrates Terrorists." *The New York Times* even did a "Man in the News" profile of Wood, illustrated with a melodramatic photograph of Wood's back and filled with Police Department leaks about how Wood bravely risked his life playing around with a bunch of mad terrorists. But the rest of the story was hardly brass bands and promotions. Cross, Sayyed and Bowe were sent off to prison on the basis of Wood's testimony, corroborated by Duclos, who quickly became a government witness. A Canadian court dropped charges against Saunier, suggesting that Wood's testimony was simply not credible or adequate.

As for the citizens of New York, they were left with a legacy of fear. There's nothing like the idea of angry black people running around blowing up things to freeze the Middle American heart.

Says attorney Ernest Rosenberger: "The entrapment in this case was total. Blowing up the Statue of Liberty was a BOSS agent's idea. The whole thing was paid for by BOSS. There is, after all, a big difference in role: between a spy who observes illegal operations and on who instigates them. This 'plot' would never have happened but for Wood. Those guys didn't even have enough money to pay for their phone bills, let alone to hire cars or buy dynamite. Cross would never have even gotten as far as Canada without Wood."

The Great National Shrine Dynamite Conspiracy was actually not the first BOSS-inspired conspiracy case. A year earlier, the leader of the Harlem chapter of the Progressive Labor Party, William Epton, was charged with the crimes of inciting riot and advocating anarchy—the charges growing out of the Harlem riot of July 18, 1964. A BOSS agent named Hart was the main witness against Epton. And then in 1967, BOSS and the Queens County District Attorney's office produced another case history in paranoia.

The headlines were lavish on June 28, 1967: "Black Militants Arrested in Plot to Assassinate Rights Leaders;" "Asst. Principal Charged in Plot on Wilkins, Young": "Militant Murder Ring Foiled by Police." Behind the screaming headlines was the story of a colossal frame-up—one so well constructed that there were no holes in the prosecution's eventual case, one so tight that its victims were almost oblivious to it while it was happening.

"A well-constructed frame-up," claims trial lawyer Gene Anne Condon, "is the toughest thing in court to beat. You can't do anything to save your clients because everything has been so carefully worked out against them. You can't plead guilty because that's not the truth; so you can't make a deal. In a normal case, there will be natural holes in the prosecution's evidence. There were none here. There was really nothing I could do. In fifteen years of legal experience I had never seen anything like it."

This legal ambush began in 1965, when members of several Queens civil rights organizations, including the NAACP, CORE and the Black Brotherhood Improvement Association (BBIA), were picketing a branch of the Jamaica Savings Bank to protest a mural in the bank's lobby. The painting, "Banjo Billy," greeted patrons of the bank with a picture of a barefoot, dancing, strumming pickaninny.

Patrolman Edward Lee Howlette of the Bureau of Special Services, a Negro from Richmond, Va., had signed up with BOSS after a stint in the Air Force and some poorly paying jobs in the Post Office and a New York hospital. Like Wood, he was sent into undercover activities without Police Academy training. "My job," he said during the assassination conspiracy trial, "was to attend the rallies and activities held by controversial, radical or subversive groups, with the aim of becoming a member and reporting on the activities of its membership and its organization."

Howlette did his job with computerlike precision. Every day he would comb the Queens streets for militant rallies, demonstrations or meetings. At night, he would return home and by hand write out 6 or 10 pages of notes on a yellow legal-sized pad. He would then telephone his notes to the BOSS offices, pick up new instructions from his superiors, have dinner, and within twenty-four hours type

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is notes into a full-scale report. That routine lasted every lay for more than a year!

In October 1967, Howlette was ordered to attend the ally at the Jamaica Savings Bank. In addition to observing the demonstration, he was ordered to pick up an cquaintance with Herman Ferguson, one of the rally's nain speakers, and to infiltrate Ferguson's organization, he BBIA. At the time, Ferguson was an assistant princi-al of a Queens junior high school and one of the ighest-ranking blacks in the New York City school sys-em. Howlette made his contact and was asked to attend

Noonan

a BBIA meeting the next day. Although Ferguson didn't know Howlette from Adam, the transcript includes this report of a conversation with Ferguson:

"Herman Ferguson stated that he wasn't interested in the mural 'Banjo Billy' in the least. He stated that this was just a focal point for reaching the community and he stated that our group should be concerned with more revolutionary actions, and he stated that we should have the BBIA, which is the Black Brotherhood Improvement Association, set up a parent body and we should organize groups beneath this body, and he asked me what field I was trained in in the armed services, and I told him the electrical field, and he stated that I would be useful to the organization because I could rig a bomb with a timing device or I could knock out the electrical power in a given area, and he stated that Lez Edmunds was good in the electronics field and that he, Herman Ferguson, could teach the group some defense."

Whether Ferguson actually said all that, we don't know. All we have is Howlette's word and the fact that when he cracked this ring of "conspirators" he was promoted from patrolman to detective, a climb that usually takes fifteen to twenty years in the Police Department.

Howlette proceeded to ingratiate himself with Ferguson and other members of the BBIA. He was invited to meetings and asked to head the organization's youth project. Ferguson even asked him to make a street-corner speech against the war in Vietnam. This speech was an agonizing effort for Air Force veteran Howlette. He went home and wrote out a draft of what he planned to say, then submitted his notes to his superiors at BOSS. "Not militant enough," they told him, as they proceeded to rewrite the speech. "You can't be so pro-American. It won't go over." What was written was a highly provocative speech—the kind of incendiary talk that could get a lot of people busted.

The BBIA was essentially a black history study group composed of middle-class and professional blacks who wanted to understand the past, present and future of American race relations. Often the members would *theorize* about the kinds of things America would have to do if the country were to be freed of racism. The talk would sometimes get heavy, but talk is not illegal. On the whole, the BBIA maintained itself strictly within the context of legal activities. Quite legally, BBIA members bought guns and received training in how to use them. Then one day Arthur Harris, a young community organizer on the staff of the Office of Economic Opportunity and a member of the BBIA, brought the group a statement by Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young condemning black power.

"That's terrible," Harris is reported to have said, "those guys have sold out their own people. They should be offed."

It was the kind of loose talk that everybody is guilty of at one time or another. But in Howlette's mind an agreement for a conspiracy had been reached. In rap sessions, he constantly spoke of how to effect the assassinations. He became so fanatical, in fact, that members of the group began to humor him. "Yeah, sure, Lee. Sure, sure. We'll do it next week."

A conspiracy doesn't exist legally just because two or more people *agree* to effect an illegal act. In New York, someone must also *carry out* some overt act toward effecting that conspiracy. In this case, Howlette was responsible for all three overt acts. First, he went to Manhattan to purchase a map of the area around Roy Wilkins' house. This he did, he testified, under orders from Ferguson. Also under orders from Ferguson, he claimed at the trial, he wrote a note to be placed on Wilkins' body after the murder. The note said something about how this assassination had been carried out by black militants because Wilkins had betrayed his people. Ferguson denied ordering Howlette to buy a map or to write a note.

Finally, Howlette took Harris into his wired-for-sound car and drove him past Roy Wilkins' home for a "stake-out." That was the total extent of this "conspiracy" to assassinate civil rights leaders. In a trial that took place

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two years later, a jury of twelve reluctantly found the two men guilty. "There was much question in the jury room as to whether it was right to send people to jail on the testimony of one man," sighed lawyer Gene Anne Condon. "But in the end, the jurors felt that Howlette was a police officer and that a policeman wouldn't lie on the stand."

The conspiracy reaped an abundant political harvest. Queens D. A. Mackell, a conservative who was running for re-election at the time of the arrests, was given a powerful boost by the case. Ferguson, who had been active in efforts to bring more community control over the educational system, was fired from his post. His prosecution discredited the community control fight. Arthur Harris was fired from his job at OEO. Ferguson drove a gypsy cab for a while—to support his wife and four children. Harris worked as a day laborer. When ordered to report to jail, both went underground.

If there seems to be a pattern to the Statue of Liberty and the assassination conspiracy cases, it is because BOSS has worked out a careful *modus operandi* for the infiltration of left-wing groups. BOSS agents have surfaced in almost identical entrapment situations in several other political cases, including the current New York Panther "21" bombing conspiracy. Like an annual man-eating plant, once a year, BOSS seems to come through with one major black militant bust. Always something wild. Always something based on snatches of conversation garnered by a member of New York's police. A half dozen BOSS men are expected to crop up in the current Panther bombing case. One of them, Gene Roberts, a BOSS agent then, had been Malcolm X's bodyguard and was standing over Malcolm's body as he lay dying in the Audubon ballroom in February 1965.

These annual busts have a deliberate political purpose: they feed the paranoia of the silent majority. And besides stirring up Middle-American fears, the busts, the infiltration, the spying tend to force all dissenting political activit into the cramped and difficult style of the undergrounc It's hard for the average person to be political when h knows that his picture is being taken at every anti-wa rally. BOSS deliberately stunts the growth of a movemer intended to end the war and to achieve social justice i America.

Beyond its stultifying effect on the movement, the mer existence of BOSS and the other Red Squads throughou the country is a danger to the remnants of our democracy for Red Squads have moved more and more toward be coming the political arm of our Police Departments. In time when the police are growing into a political entity i their own right, Red Squads work to create scares, whicl result in greater police autonomy, larger police budgets and more repression.

In America, the future of police infiltration is not clear A broad coalition of lawyers, including representative from the New York Civil Liberties Union, the Nationa Lawyers Guild, the Law Commune and VISTA is institut ing a lawsuit in the federal courts in an attempt to hav BOSS judicially abolished on the ground that its mer existence is a clear and present danger to all civil liberties Gerald Lefcourt, one of the main movers for this action feels that he will be lucky if the case merely gets even a hearing in a federal court. "The courts," he complains, "have been remarkably protective of the police. Almost every other case that has challenged secret undercover activity has died in court. We're not optimistic that we'll fare any better. Still we're hoping." Let us all hope. For throughout the country a lot of people who would like to demonstrate won't, for fear of reprisals; and thousands more won't talk on telephones in panic that their words are being monitored. The year 1984 is, after all, little more than a decade away. □

MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE, BUT....

JAMES CLOTFELTER
Mr. Clotfelter is an assistant professor of political science at Emory University. He is the author of a forthcoming book on the military in American politics.

Atlanta

Answer true or false:

(*1*) Defense spending, rising almost continuously for twenty years, has been an important stimulant and crutch for American business. (*True.*)

(*2*) American business has used its economic and political influence to perpetuate a large defense budget. (*True.*)

(*3*) American business has used its economic and political influence to prevent settlement of military conflicts, because of their "pump-priming" benefits.

Despite the surface logic of answering true to the third statement as well, the Vietnamese War has shown that business and financial leaders look at cold wars and hot wars quite differently. Those accepting the military-industrial complex notion that money is the binder between defense policy makers and supportive industrial and labor groups ask how American business can find fault with a war which has cost $15 billion to $25 billion a year. Where there is that much money, there must be profit and eagerness for the war to continue—right?

The clear implication of the anti-war rally chant of "rich man's war, poor man's fight" is that American business, and the wealthy, best-schools-and-clubs men who run firms and own stock in them, profit from the war in Indochina—while poor draftees from our urban jungles are sent to die in somebody else's jungles. The war is, to a considerable extent, a "poor man's fight"—economic class affects one's prospects for getting drafted and killed, of course—and equally, a "rich man's war"—some individuals and companies have profited substantially. But the economic class interpretation of the war should not be taken so seriously as to obscure the dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıction between cold-war defense business (until recently, ry profitable) and hot-war defense business (seen as ore trouble than it is worth).

This distinction, although rarely made by businessmen public statements, is a real one for them, judging from eir recent behavior on the war issue. While most ational labor leaders hold to the view that high defense dgets and wars are necessary for high employment, the nancial leadership has become a potent anti-war lobby. usiness's position on the war, however, has been ob- ured because it simultaneously lobbies for the perpetua- on of strategic arms competition (e.g., the campaign for BM).

By fall 1970 it should have become clear that Middle merica is not forcing the government to "cut and run" om the Vietnamese War, despite domestic costs. Business nd Wall Street, however, increasingly are saying what any dovish politicians have not yet said publicly: the ar must be liquidated, by whatever means necessary, nd the devil take the domino theory.

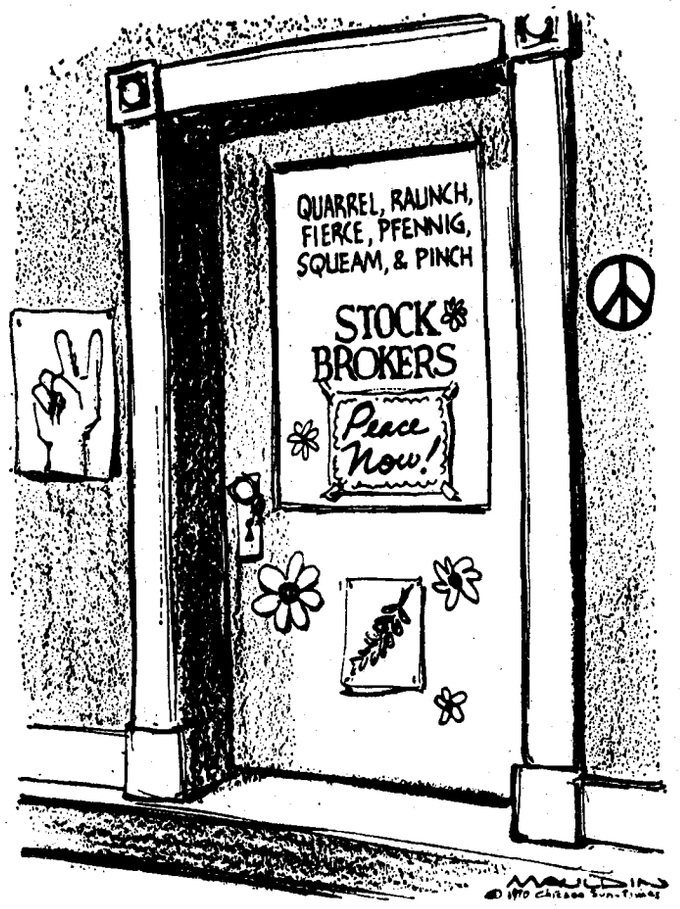
"The most important reason for . . . optimism," Stock xchange firm partner Heinz H. Biel wrote in *Forbes,*

> is the apparent fact that President Nixon has become more fully aware of the close interrelationship between Vietnam, social and political tensions, business conditions and the stock market. The key, obviously, is Vietnam, which *must be de-escalated and terminated at almost any price* if we are to avoid major calamities at home. . . . Is it possible that [Nixon] has forgotten this? Or has he, like his predecessors, been taken in by the persuasive power of the generals whose one-sided views and unwarranted confidence in our military prowess have led us deeper and deeper into a hopeless quagmire? [*Italics mine.*]

Anti-war rhetoric has not yet recognized that attitudes of financial interests toward the war differ sharply from their attitudes toward defense spending, although it has been apparent for two years that friendly statements from Hanoi could do more for the stock market than reassuring statements from the White House. The economic stimulation of anti-war sentiment has been given too little attention, perhaps because of the mutual uneasiness of the intellectual and business communities at finding themselves on the same side.

Simply stated, the Vietnamese War is not popular among businessmen because its costs exceed its benefits even for companies in the "complex," *even for companies directly benefiting from war spending.* Many other companies benefit very little from war spending, yet are surrounded by higher costs, taxes and debt, and by decreasing markets.

What makes hot wars less profitable is that they cannot be calibrated carefully to meet industry's capital investment and research and development timetables. Defense spending for strategic deterrence underwrites technological innovation for the aircraft, electronics and communications "growth" industries, and supports long-range industrial planning. Spending on Vietnam, on the other hand, is for items like bomb casings and uniforms. In the past, an important economic benefit of wars was that equipment was destroyed, and thus had to be replaced. Technological obsolescence performs this function in cold-war periods,



Mauldin, Chicago Sun-Times

of course, and with less unpleasant side effects. Until recent Vietnam-related cancellations and stretchouts, cold-war business has been profitable—more so than most commercial business.

What has the war meant to the economy? The 1965-66 troop buildup increased employment in the United States by about 1 million persons, according to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. There was a sharp (but temporary) increase in business for supplemental airlines and helicopter and munitions manufacturers, for example, and a more limited increase for most major industries. But the Vietnam prosperity was shortlived: by late 1966 the adverse economic effects were beginning to be felt by most businessmen and stockholders. By early 1968 peace rumors had become the leading bullish stimuli for Wall Street, and by mid-1970 the litany of economic damage had become familiar: the end of the 1960s prosperity, the worst inflation and the highest interest rates since the Civil War and before, the stock market collapse, little available credit, rising unemployment (especially, of course, among minority group workers only recently hired), a gold outflow and declining international trade surplus, the loss of the investment tax credit, higher taxes, tighter government budgets (thus less money for everything from road construction to textbooks), declining profit margins for companies and declining real income for workers.

As *Moody's Stock Survey* warned:

> The war has been at the root of many of our present difficulties, including inflation, balance-of-payments problems, rising taxes, and the recurrent spector of wage,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

price or credit controls. . . . The economy would be hard put to digest the burden of increased military spending [for Cambodia] without suffering some serious dislocations.

Thomas Watson of International Business Machines testified against the war before a Congressional committee, and press reports indicated that many bankers and business leaders were conveying anti-war opinions to the Administration in language less delicate than *Moody's*. The would-be "complex" cabalists looked at Japanese capitalism, for example, unburdened by heavy war spending, and told themselves that peace means prosperity.

War casualties included "faith in paper currencies" around the world (Terrence McCarthy); the government's authority in maintaining wage and price stability (J. K. Galbraith); and American business's freedom of investment abroad (Charles Percy). It led to the 1966 money panic and the 1970 liquidity crisis; the resulting distortion in the interest rate structure, with its impact on the essential construction industry, may be a long-term phenomenon.

By 1969 the total cost of the war (including debt interest and future veterans' benefits) was estimated by James L. Clayton in "Vietnam: the 200-Year Mortgage" [*The Nation*, May 26, 1969] at $330 billion to $350 billion to date. Other estimates, including indirect inflation and balance-of-payments costs, have exceeded a half trillion dollars. And this does not begin to deal with social costs of lower spending on urban and welfare problems, education and health.

It is a cliché that the stock market reflects people's hopes and fears, and the decline since Richard Nixon's election seems to be both a result and a cause of growing disenchantment among important economic groups wi the Administration's Southeast Asia policies. Many peop think most clearly with their money, and the stock mark and declining consumer purchasing among higher incon groups do not reflect "blank check" public confidence i the Administration. Stock brokers report, for exampl that war-motivated college disruptions in May discourage some people from buying, because the alienation of th young leads to loss of faith in the future of the America society and economy.

Disillusionment with a quagmire war cannot, c course, be equated with anti-defense-spending attitude within the business community, although there have bee some cautious beginnings in that direction. But this shoul not detract from the significance of business's position o Vietnam.

On the war, the public has more patience than Wal Street. For many Americans, the war's economic impac (prewar home mortgages carried interest rates of 5.2 per cent and the "widows' and orphans'" Telephon stock sold in the mid-70s), has not been translated int resentment against war policies. Wall Street's attitude however, is reminiscent of turn-of-the-century busines pacifism; international adventures were opposed not be cause they were "bad" but because they did not pay Wars simply were uneconomic and outmoded forms o competition. Norman Angell's pacifist *The Great Illusion* reflects businessmen's attitudes more faithfully now than it has in sixty years. Thus the irony that if and when the war is terminated, it may be as much because of pressure from business and financial elites (its presumed beneficiaries), as from The People. □

'MINING' THE NATIONAL FORESTS

DALE A. BURK
Mr. Burk is state editor and environmental columnist for The Missoulian *in Missoula, Mont. He is the author of* New Interpretations, *a book on Western art (Western Life Publications) and* The Clear-Cut Crisis *on the Bitterroot controversy (Jrsnick).*

Missoula

The embattled U. S. Forest Service, under indictment throughout the country with regard to its harsh methods of harvesting the national forest lands, has been severely criticized in an independent and extensive study conducted in western Montana at the request of Sen. Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.).

Findings of the special study committee on the Bitterroot National Forest in western Montana were issued in mid-November. They immediately attracted nationwide attention; the Forest Service was attacked on the very grounds it most often uses to justify its practices, not only in Montana but throughout much of the lands under its charge: economics and multiple use. The study committee said the Service could not economically justify most of its management practices in the Bitterroot and that the principle of multiple use was not being applied in the forest.

More important, the committee emphasized that the shortcomings are not limited to the Bitterroot alone, but are nationwide in scope. This came as no surprise to conservation organizations, notably the Sierra Club, that have long made this claim and that joined Montana citizens and conservationists in bringing about the investigation of the Bitterroot National Forest. They feel that the Bitterroot study will have far-reaching effects in bringing about better management of the public forest lands.

The study was conducted by a seven-man committee from the University of Montana's School of Forestry at Missoula. It was labeled a "select" committee, and was composed of three professional foresters, a professor of wildlife, a political scientist, a sociologist and an economist. They were Dr. Arnold W. Bolle, dean of the Forestry School and chairman of the committee; R. W. Behan, associate professor of forestry; Dr. W. Leslie Pengelly, professor of wildlife; Dr. Robert P. Wambach, associate dean and associate professor of forestry; Dr. Gordon Browder, professor of sociology; Dr. Thomas Payne, professor of political science; and Dr. Richard E. Shannon,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fessor of economics and forestry. The unanimous re-
t was issued with the admonition from Dean Bolle that
panel had undertaken the study "with the attitude
t we would proceed only if we were convinced that our
orts would make a contribution to a better understand-
of the problem and, hopefully, to eventual solutions."

An earlier Forest Service study of the same area
labeled a task force appraisal—had focused attention
some problems in the Bitterroot, but had done little
help solve the hot controversy arising from the Serv-
's insistence on clearcutting and terracing the steep
lsides of the Bitterroot, in the face of continued and
owing opposition. Bolle's committee, while saying the
rvice's task force had done a commendable job of ana-
ing and publicizing the results of its investigation of
charges relative to timber management, pointed out
it the task force suffered credibility since it was com-
sed of agency personnel studying agency problems:
is a psychological impossibility to evaluate one's own
orts objectively," Bolle's committee said.
Bolle's study group came up with findings of far greater
nsequence than "analyzing and publicizing." They were
urageous in attacking some of the basic tenets of Forest
rvice doctrine, as well as the recently issued Public
nd Law Review Commission report. Among their basic
idings were:

¶Multiple use management, in fact, has not been the
verning principle on the Bitterroot National Forest.

¶Quality timber management and harvest practices
e lacking. The committee added that consideration of
e watershed, recreation, wildlife and grazing appear as
terthoughts.

¶The management sequence of clearcutting-terracing-
anting cannot be justified economically as an investment
r producing timber from the Bitterroot Forest. The
udy team said it doubted the forest could continue to
roduce timber at the present harvest level—precisely
ie charge made by retired forest ranger G. M. "Brandy"
randborg of Hamilton, Mont., who served as supervisor
f the Bitterroot Forest for twenty years before retiring
1955.

¶Clearcutting and planting are expensive operations
iat should bear some relationship to the capability of
ie site to return the cost invested.

¶The practice of terracing—strips cut into a hillside on
/hich to plant trees—should be stopped in the Bitterroot
'orest. Existing terraced areas should be used for re-
earch.

¶A clear distinction is necessary between timber
management" and timber "mining." Bolle's committee
aid that timber management, the continuous production
f timber crops, is rational only on highly productive
ites where an appropriate rate of return on the capital
nvested can be expected. All other timber-cutting activi-
ies must be considered as timber mining.

¶Their findings in this field corroborated claims made
n late 1969 by Brock Evans of Seattle, Northwest con-
ervation representative of the Sierra Club. After an in-
ensive ground and aerial inspection of the Bitterroot,
Evans claimed the timber harvest in the area was ex-
ractive, and called it "mining" rather than logging.

¶The Bolle committee did not oppose timber mining outright, but said that where it was to be practiced all other on-site values must be retained. They said that in the removal of residual old growth timber from sites uneconomical to manage, hydrologic, habitat, and aesthetic values must be preserved by single-tree selection cutting, there must be minimum disturbance of residual vegetation, and minimum, temporary roads.

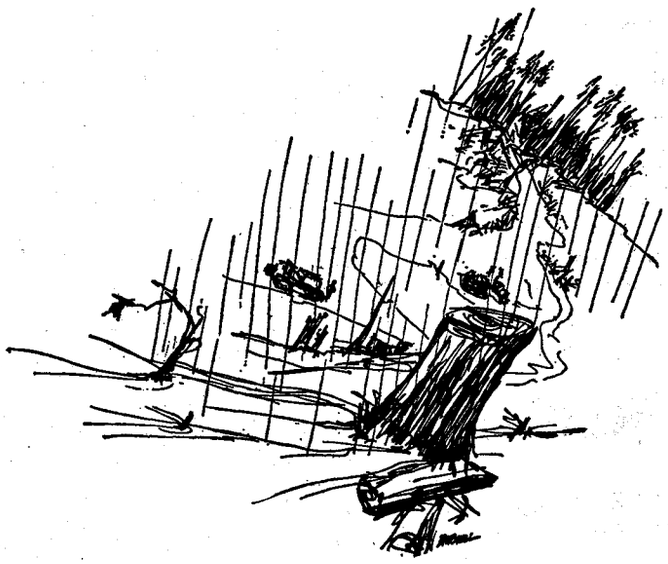
¶The research basis for management of the Bitterroot Forest is too weak to support the practices used on the forest.

¶The Forest Service will have to recognize the need for total quality management, or the necessary financing will not be sought.

¶Manpower and budget limitations of public resource agencies do not at present permit essential staffing for multiple-use planning.

¶The qualitative need for specialists must first be resolved if the quantitative shortage of staff is to be resolved.

¶The Forest Service bureaucratic line structure as it



operates is "archaic, undesirable and subject to change."

¶The Forest Service as an effective and efficient bureaucracy needs to be reconstructed so that substantial, responsible, local public participation in the processes of policy formulation and decision making can "naturally" take place. Bolle's committee commented in the report that public involvement must mean more than formal presentations of preconceived courses of action in which there has been no public participation.

¶The Bolle committee attacked the dominant-use philosophy of natural resources as promulgated by the Public Land Law Review Commission. "It appears inconceivable and incongruous to us at this time, with the great emphasis upon a broad multiple-use approach to our natural resources—especially those remaining in public ownership—that any representative group or institution in our society would advocate a dominant-use philosophy with respect to our natural resources," the committee said. "Yet it is our judgment that this is precisely what is occurring through the federal appropriation process, via

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

executive order, and in the Public Land Law Review Commission's Report."

They suggested that any departure from a broad environmental approach was out of step with the interests and desires of the American people. The dispute over resource management arose from public dissatisfaction with the Bitterroot National Forest's concern for sawtimber production at the expense of other resource values. The committee said this shortchanging of values other than board feet is built into the Forest Service by legislative action and control, executive direction and budgetary restrictions.

"In a federal agency which measures success primarily by the quantity of timber produced weekly, monthly and annually, the staff of the Bitterroot National Forest finds itself unable to change its course, to give anything but token recognition to related values, or to involve most of the local public in any way but as antagonists," Bolle's committee said. They added that as long as short-run emphasis on timber production overrides concern for related uses and local environmental quality, real change of management attitudes to other resource values is impossible.

The problem may intensify if the Forest Service continues its extractive timber mining. The agency has caused considerable controversy with its unpopular management practices in the Bitterroot, and is costing the public money in the process. Bolle's committee, tackling the issue for the first time in economic terms—it had been viewed previously in terms of ecology, aesthetics, wildlife, water yield, timber production and others—literally blew the Forest Service off the mountain in evaluating their practices on a dollars-and-cents basis. The Forest Service has persisted in spending the public's money in a losing proposition, and conservationists and Senators have insisted this isn't limited to the Bitterroot.

Here, Bolle's committee simply couldn't find economic justification for the practices of "clearcutting, terracing and planting" being done there. "The conclusions are clear and incontestable," the study team said. "Clearcutting and terracing cannot be justified as an investment for producing timber on the Bitterroot National Forest. There are better and much more economic ways to provide for the nation's timber needs." Bolle's committee provided an illustration to support its contention.

Establishment (regeneration) costs after cutting were assumed at a conservative figure of $50 per acre, a rotation length of 120 years for ponderosa pine, an "optimistic" yield of 20,000 board feet per acre at rotation age, a stumpage value of $25 per 1,000 board feet, and an interest rate of 5 per cent, which the committee called "conservative." They also made an "unrealistic but simplifying assumption" that there would be no additional costs during the 120-year growth period.

"If we invest the $50 in stand establishment and charge no other costs through the 120-year period, the stand at harvest would have to be worth $17,445 per acre in order to return 5 per cent on the initial public investment in regeneration," the committee said. They pointed out that if the actual yield were 20,000 board feet per acre, the stumpage value would have to be $872 per 1,000 board feet. Or if the stumpage value were actually $25 p 1,000 board feet (in 1970 dollars), the yield wou have to be 697,000 board feet per acre.

"It would obviously be impossible to achieve yiel of these magnitudes," Bolle's committee said. "It is ei lightening to work the problem in reverse. In order t earn 5 per cent on the investment, with the yield an stumpage assumptions given, the stand would have to b established at a cost of $1.43 per acre." They added thi if they set "more realistic values" for costs, yields an interest rates, "the results become ludicrous."

Why have the uneconomic practices been used The Bolle committee struck at the core of professiona forestry dogma—the sustained-yield timber managemer concept introduced into American forestry in the 1880 and 1890s by early Forest Service chiefs Bernhar Fernow and Gifford Pinchot. The concept had been devel oped and rationalized in the mercantile economies o Germany and France a century before Fernow and Pin chot, and was developed in economies characterized b stability, certainty, and, via the prohibition of imports a self-imposed scarcity.

With its implicit assumptions of scarcity, this dogma became the central dictum of professional forestry, and as dogma remains virtually unchallenged in American forestry education. "The graduates of that education staf the Forest Service," Bolle's study team said. "We found much evidence that a major element in the Bitterroot controversy was just this professional dogma. 'Productivity' we learned time and again meant maximum physical production of sawlogs. Much timberland was being harvested ostensibly to 'get it into production.' The idea that a scraggly stand of overmature timber could and does provide other values was alien and largely absent from the thinking of most of the professional foresters we encountered: this in spite of their lip service to 'multiple-use.' "

The committee said that if productivity is held to mean simply sawlogs at any cost, "then much of what we observed was wholly rational." However, they seriously questioned such a constrained definition and said that if productivity includes recreation, watershed, wildlife and aesthetic values, much of what they saw in the Bitterroot could not be rationalized at all. "Certainly the idea that clearcutting a forest to 'get it into production' is similar to the military rationale of destroying a town to save it." The study team recommended that the Forest Service must be restructured to involve the public in the formulating steps of its management policies—even if internal bureaucratic efficiency must be sacrificed as a result.

They also cited the need for research, saying that in the past "we didn't invest sufficiently in research and we didn't make optimum use of the limited research information that was available." They said that a vastly expanded research effort is the only solution to the question of how wild-land resources such as those in the Bitterroot can be used without having a deleterious effect on the natural environment. According to the study, such research would have application throughout the Rocky Mountain West.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bitterroot Valley is representative of a large part of the West. It is characterized by vast open space, low-population density, an economy based on wild-land resources, and a culture in transition from the "frontier" type with emphasis on exploitation to a more mature kind in which stability and environmental amenities are held in higher regard. Commodity resources such as timber, minerals and grass are increasing in value as the national economy continues to grow, but noncommodity resources such as wildlife, aesthetics and recreation are increasing even more rapidly in value as the national stock of these items dwindles.

"We see the Bitterroot Valley faced with the same dilemma as so many other areas in the Rocky Mountain West," Bolle's committee said, "the need for more economic growth and development, but a strong desire to maintain or preserve a high quality natural environment."

The committee believes there is no reason to assume that economic development and environmental quality are mutually exclusive or irreconcilable. They say the problem, though badly handled in the Bitterroot and elsewhere, can be solved. "An objective appraisal of the situation leads to optimism, not pessimism," the committee said. "Trees can be cut without leaving an unsightly mess; roads can be built so they complement the natural beauty of the countryside; disturbed areas can be rehabilitated; people can use the land for recreation without destroying it." □

ON BEING MONITORED

JON R. WALTZ
Mr. Waltz is a professor of law at Northwestern University. He is the author of a number of books on technical legal subjects, the latest being Medical Jurisprudence *(Macmillan). He has also been published in* The New York Times Magazine, Playboy *and* The Saturday Review.

Chicago

At 8:30 A.M. on December 17, 1970, Ed Rooney, one of the *Chicago Daily News*'s top reporters, phoned to tell me that the U.S. Army had been spying on me.

According to Rooney, one John M. O'Brien, a former staff sergeant assigned to the 113th Military Intelligence Group in suburban Evanston, Ill., would soon add my name to a lengthening list of surveillance subjects that he had begun on the previous day with the headline-capturing names of Sen. Adlai Stevenson III, former Gov. Otto Kerner, and the Rev. Jesse Jackson. Rooney wondered why I, a law teacher, would be a target of army snooping. He already knew that Stevenson's sin was calling Chicago's police "Storm Troopers in blue" for their 1968 Democratic convention activities; he comprehended that Kerner must continue to pay a price for having headed a Presidential commission that pointed to the existence of "white racism"; he understood that Jesse Jackson advocates civil rights for blacks. But I was a puzzler. Rooney knew I was a Yale man, a bad Republican, an ex-litigator with one of the country's largest Establishment law firms, and outwardly a Brooks Brothers-and-Cadillac convertible type. (The Cadillac does have a peace sticker on the rear window; it gets me more than my quota of unearned traffic tickets in Chicagoland.)

The answer, I knew, was simple. I'd qualified for my very own army dossier in a quite passive fashion. I'd gotten it because William M. Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass had conferred with me about some technical evidentiary problems prior to the Chicago 7 conspiracy trial. Sure enough, as agent O'Brien revealed later on the day of Rooney's call, "When it was learned that Professor Waltz was assisting in the Chicago 7 defense, I was assigned to learn what I could about his political views." O'Brien's investigative efforts included the questioning of at least one of my students.

For several days after this confirmation that I had been, as O'Brien put it, "monitored" by the Army, random thoughts kept running through my mind.

Initially I reacted on a thoroughly melodramatic level. All the standard references flashed past. 1984 was fourteen years ahead of schedule. The Gestapo was alive and functioning in, of all unlikely places, Evanston. Clichés abounded: the police state was upon us, the rule of the junta was here. When one newsman asked my reaction, I told him, not entirely facetiously, that that evening I would see *Z* again.

As time passed my sense of the absurd was temporarily engaged. Agent O'Brien, capably managed by the Illinois ACLU, staged daily media happenings of the sort—ironically—that the Chicago 7 had continually concocted during their preposterous trial. Enjoying the hot lights, he released the small products of his domestic espionage in carefuly spaced spurts. His stock, although intermittently impressive, was not large. In a few days he was down to reporting how he had harassed the Chicago 7 with spurious telephone messages and dispatched unwanted pizza pies to the home of a prominent opponent of the Vietnamese experiment. It seemed the stuff of an old James Allardyce army farce.

The thought then crossed my mind, and penetrated to my ego, that I was in pretty zippy company—Adlai, Kerner, Ab Mikva, the Reverend Jackson, even W. Clement Stone—for a university professor. (Just the previous week Mayor Richard J. Daley, bleeding a little from the impact of a press conference at which I, as spokesman for a number of law school deans and professors, had advocated a constitutional amendment that would have removed all of Illinois' judges from the patronage bag, had publicly referred to me as an academic "from the sheltered halls of learning who sits on the side lines and takes no part in the great combat of life." December was shaping up as a rough but exhilarating month.)

W. Clement Stone, Chicago's multimillionaire political parvenu and proponent of a line of mental snake oil that he calls "Positive Mental Attitude," announced that he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't mind being spied on by the Army since he was not doing anything wrong, never had done anything wrong, and never would do anything wrong. This, I reminded myself, was soberingly comparable to saying, "I am not concerned about the killing of Jews since I am not Jewish."

The Rev. Francis Lawlor, Chicago's racist priest, adopted the Stone line; he didn't mind being monitored by the military, either. I began to realize that I was not in such impeccable company after all. Father Lawlor commented that he is accustomed to surveillance—God monitors him every day. I fleetingly wished for an opportunity to tell this man of the cloth that God presumably holds a rank higher than staff sergeant.

Mayor Daley was inclined to agree with Stone and Lawlor. He laughed in the jolly way that he has and said: "It sounds like much ado about nothing to me." There were, reportedly, 800 dossiers on private citizens and groups in his state. But the Mayor of Chicago has raised callousness to a principle of government. The Mayor, unlike Father Lawlor, appeared uncertain whether God was checking him out on a regular basis but reminded a reporter that he had been spied on repeatedly by the Better Government Association. Mr. Daley was not laughing when he said this.

I turned over in my mind the proposition that no Army that gets caught spying on its own people should be conducting warfare anywhere in the world.

Old Sam Ervin must be experiencing a sad satisfaction these days. For five years he has been contending that Big Brother, with a batch of punch cards, is amongst us; for five years his warnings have received scant attention. Mr. O'Brien's testimony before Senator Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights may strengthen the Senator's hand. Secretary Laird seems already to have come at least partially to life.

All of which brings me around to the discouraging thought that no one in the Executive branch got excited about the military's domestic spookery until it was suggested that some political figures with names to conjure with—Stevenson, for example—were involved. There was no audible gnashing of teeth when it became evident, as it did well over a year ago, that military intelligence personnel were joining forces with local police departments to monitor the activities of ordinary citizens engaged in pro-peace efforts.

As I stand back, looking at my own situation—wondering whether or not to laugh, trying to determine whether it has any larger significance—two considerations emerge. No commentator has discerned either of them and yet they seem important.

First, as a lawyer I am deeply disturbed that it was my provision of needed legal advice in an unpopular criminal case that inspired the military's concern. Although I will not be deterred in future from discharging the obligations of my profession (if the present Mayor of Chicago cannot intimidate me, the U.S. Army certainly can't), what effect will Sergeant O'Brien's revelations have on others who are asked to assume the role of Philadelphia lawyers? Will all unpopular defendants be remitted to the services of William Kunstler? That, at least for some, is a genuinely dispiriting prospect.

Furthermore, no lawyer can avoid speculating about the full extent to which military intelligence agencies have been willing to insinuate themselves into the attorney-client relationship, the sacrosanctity of which is grounded on something more than mere tradition.

And while I am pondering relationships I must record, as a second consideration, my own revulsion at the military's apparent willingness to disrupt the teacher-student relationship. It is difficult enough in these times for a teacher to provide that sort of respectable and reliable guidance that the young so noticeably crave. It does a larger disservice to the nation than I am capable of assessing for agents of military espionage to make the task even more difficult by recruiting students to join their political information-gathering apparatus.

Good luck in Washington, Mr. O'Brien. Speak right up. □

TOKYO, DIRECTED BY FELLINI

ANGELA CARTER

Miss Carter is an English novelist now living in Tokyo. Her latest book is Heroes and Villains *(Simon & Schuster).*

Tokyo

There are premeditated and unpremeditated cities but Tokyo is neither; Tokyo is post-meditated. Its proliferating cells have gone quite wild but order is always dashing breathlessly to keep up, so the subway constantly pushes out fresh tentacles to scoop up new conurbations and the sewer men pursue an entropic spiral of excreta with the frantic diligence of the Keystone cops. The intricate machinery, constantly overburdened, is never quite overwhelmed. We take immediate steps to deal with our photochemical smog. The man-rat ratio is never drastically decreased in man's favor, never dramatically soars in favor of the rat. Turgid and choked, the rivers yet run. And Tokyo, which ought to be purgatorial, is, though the ugliest of cities, also most desperately, heartbreakingly romantic.

All summer long, there are fireworks displays, both formal ones in public, where gigantic set pieces whizz and blossom, and private ones in vacant lots, alleys and back yards, where a few kids in nightgowns stay up late to ignite a well-supervised sparkler or two. There is no apter symbol for Tokyo than a fireworks display—a brilliant parasol of fire which opens in the air and, falling, dissolves. The word for fireworks is *"hannabi,"* "fire-flower"; they are the morning glories of the night and possess that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quality of evanescence which gives Japan its unquestionable tragic style, and sometimes an amazing, death-defying elegance. Fellini's *Satyricon* opened here the other day and it will often be difficult to tell when the screen ends and the audience begins: sometimes Fellini seems to be directing this city.

This is a great country for appearances, and it is often hard to tell what is real and what is not. But as generations of Zen oracles have pointed out, it doesn't matter much, anyway. Well, of course, it matters to a European, burdened with 2,500 years of logic, one plus one equaling two, etc. Sometimes I sit here in Tokyo and feel, with an inexpressible pang, that I am watching them all receding into history . . . goodby, Plato; *au revoir,* Descartes; *auf Wiedersehen,* Hegel, you did swell. . . .

Anyway, Fellini would probably set up his cameras, first, in the coffee shop where the Europeans take their neuroses and the Japanese gather to either watch or ignore them, conspicuously. As I sat in this coffee shop, an excessively prim-looking man came and sat at my table. His regulation-Japanese-businessman shirt was as white as the whites of his eyes, and his finely polished shoes more pointed, even, than his nose. He smiled. Producing a pad and pen from his regulation Japanese businessman briefcase, he wrote in English, in an extremely neat hand: "I am a masochist. Please make me your willing slave. Thanking you in advance for your kindness." And, smiling once more, he folded his hands like origami and waited for my reply. Fortunately we were distracted by an American who poured milk into a saucer for his kittens and said aggressively: "I don't go anywhere without my kittens." They were far too young to be taken from their mother and wove blindly about the table top, squeaking pitifully.

Around us, a shifting frieze of students, fashion designers, young girls, police spies, intellectuals—the disaffected riffraff of all Tokyo, in fact—composed and recomposed. People do their washing in the lavatory, which is decorated with polyglot graffiti including such spontaneous expressions of native xenophobia as "French Are Pigs."

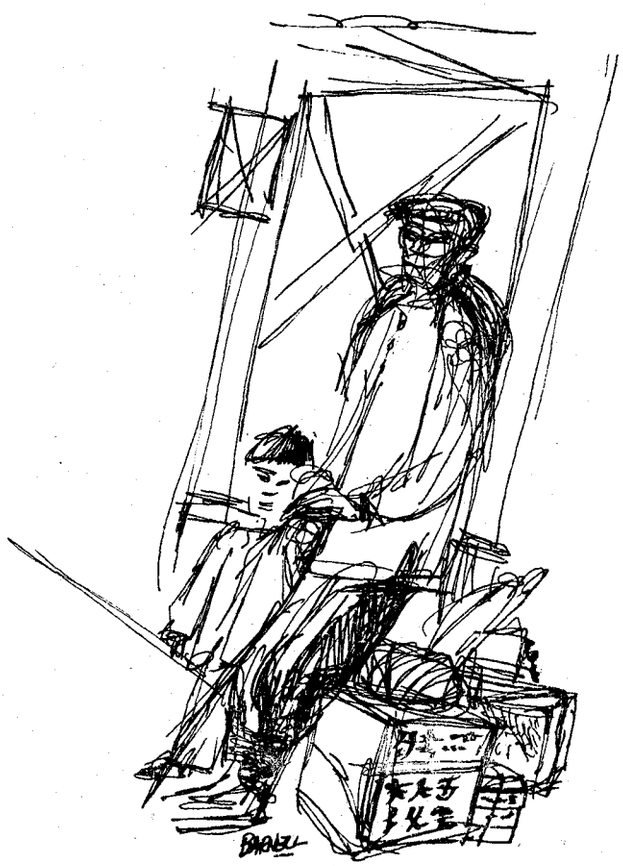
As with most such places, the hard core tends to assemble outside, idling in the street under the wilting willow trees as they examine the fringes at the ends of their jeans, pick their noses, give one another piggy-back rides or desultorily kick parked cars. They look more like gypsies than Japanese, since they sport such gaudy rags as open-work vests of gold thread, fur fabric bell-bottoms and tie-died T-shirts. They are absolutely bored and perfectly happy. They have the radiant aimlessness of the well-adjusted existential hero, for there is nowhere at all for them to go in grown-up Japanese society.

One of the boys who comes here owns an imported sports car. It is parked permanently outside; he bought it during a temporary period of extreme affluence but now he cannot even afford gasoline. He will not sell it, however. Sometimes he sits in it and pretends to drive.

Passing along the street, we encounter the perfect imitation of a glossy New York bar in a forties film. Lauren Bacall should smolder coolly at the counter while Hoagy Carmichael caresses the piano. This is Lefty's, the Place, or so the matchbox says, Where Everything Is All Right. The impact of English on Japanese, a language which is structurally completely unlike it and contains few sounds and no grammar in common, produces virtually a new language; reading and speaking no Japanese, the city comes to me equipped with a set of subtitles out of Lewis Carroll. I eat hotto doggies and buy nuts in a bag labeled: NUTS TO YOU.

Opposite Lefty's is another bar with irregularly shaped white walls and a curious floor with unexpected humps and depressions which turns the soberest walk into a drunken lurch. Here, every night, a plump flautist and a beautiful young girl who plays the harp dispense early baroque music. When the applause does not come promptly at the end of a piece, the flautist flies into a tantrum and sprays the customers with spit from the end of his instrument. I wonder if this bar will be there when next I want to go to it.

Because most buildings are made of wood, they come



and go with amazing speed. Landmarks vanish disconcertingly overnight, so one is never sure he will find anything where he left it. We woke up one morning and found all that was left of the house next door was a pile of sticks, an abandoned doll's pram and a bundle of newspapers neatly fastened with string.

A tramp lives near the baroque bar, next to some garbage cans. He used to sit on a piece of cardboard but somebody gave him a mattress and now he sprawls at ease. I have never seen him without a bottle in his hand. The nature of the bottle is an index of his finances; small bottles of the cheapest *sake,* large bottles of the cheapest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whisky, middling size bottles of affluent gin. He arranges around him a paper bag or two containing, presumably, all his wordly goods. He cuts a sufficiently neo-realist figure in his Wellington boots and peaked cap; however, his seamed and ruddy face seems Russian.

He is an object for neither pity nor contempt. He is neither aggressive, offensive, disgusting nor pathetic. He is there, that's all. He is not even untidy. He is the only casualty I have seen brave enough to exhibit his catastrophe in public but he has contrived to commandeer the entire pavement as his bedroom so, in a sense, he has at least more living space than anyone else in Tokyo.

All these Fellini sets and people may be found in the quarter known as Shinjuku; nowhere in Tokyo is there an authentically cosmopolitan atmosphere, for the Japanese outnumber everyone. Shinjuku is a playground; foreign styles may appear, for entertainment purposes only, in tableaux made of plywood and papier-mâché. Once reduced to a stereotype, the exotic ceases to menace. Foreigners who live in Japan long enough become affected by the refusal of their hosts to take them seriously and start to parody their national characteristics. The French become both flightier, meaner and more grasping. Germans walk more regimentally. Americans grow brash, zany and tend to wear T-shirts all the time. The British sink into obtuse diffidence and become, as they traditionally do in the East, alcoholics. We pamper their aristocratic sense of difference by referring, among ourselves, to the Japanese defensively as "they." Most things, you see, are taken at face value.

Since S. talks English with me (I do his washing) and as he plainly shares my room, our neighbors seem to have decided he cannot possibly be Japanese. It is a characteristic of a foreigner that he talks a foreign language all the time—so S. must be, perhaps, Hongkong Chinese, or Filipino, or Hawaiian; at any rate, no native. So the children come peering round the window and, when he barks at them "Go away!" they chorus, "My! You do speak good Japanese!"

In restaurants they bring him knives, forks, spoons and English menus. They ask: "How long have you been in Japan?" A man in a bar, seeing us together, flung his arm round S.'s shoulder and said in English: "Good luck." The children content themselves with weaving cunning traps of Fanta cans around the front door, to see what he says when he trips over them, I think.

To get to my neighborhood from Shinjuku, one must ride the elevated electric railway. The trains are upholstered in red plush and become particularly neo-realist at night, when drunks vomit all over the floor. My neighborhood is a village, stranded in the heart of the city; 20 yards off any mega-highway, one is in a village.

We are backed by a willow grove full of crows who caw a glum dawn chorus over a close tangle of unpaved lanes always stirring with a subdued bustle of housewives and children. The little wooden houses emanate a cosy, bourgeois, unlikely but palpable magic. Over each door should be a sign: Home, sweet home. In any other country in the world, these choked back streets would be festering slums, but here the families pack themselves into their matchbox apartments so dexterously, keep everything so clean, and persist in growing flowers, shrubs and whole trees on every available inch of earth, so that all has a harmonious charm. It is the kind of place where it always seems to be Sunday afternoon. Someone is constantly practicing Chopin somewhere, and there is a perpetual tinkle of windbells. At night, residents go out to the public bathhouse carrying individual plastic bowls, towels and soap. For this daily excursion, old men don dark blue cotton kimonos and wooden clogs of antique design called *geta*. The old have great dignity and self-confidence; their faces fall into probably spurious lines of sagacity and benevolence. A general *déshabille* is the rule for everyone on the warm nights of summer. The men sport loose drawers of cotton crepe and the women sometimes take the night air on balconies in pajamas. People talk in soft voices and rarely, if ever, make sudden, violent, jarring gestures which startle or discompose, even though the walls of the houses are so thin we can hear our neighbor belch and listen to his supper-time fish sizzling in the frying pan.

A notice at the end of the street advises residents to wrap up their fish bones carefully in newspaper before putting them out for the trash collector, in case cats exploring the garbage should get them stuck in their throats. And here we must abandon Fellini and any such analogy, for Japan is unique. I wish it were not, for then it would be easy to leave it. This must be the only country in the world where those afflicted with the common cold wear masks in public to prevent the spread of the infection. It is a country of benign obsessionals.

Yet they are such socially functional obsessions! Only a deep sense of mutualism could maintain this extraordinary hive in such a state of gentle harmony, of cheerful gaiety, of private reserve and public extroversion—and *that*'s not true; the areas of reserve and openness are curiously defined. For example, it is considered a little distasteful to show the teeth in a smile; this makes the smile akin to a snarl and snarls are disfunctional. We may enjoy ourselves as much as we please but we may not do anything disfunctional. We cross the road only when the light is green and always keep to the left when the sign says: KEEP LEFT HERE.

The pollution in the atmosphere turns the moon above Tokyo a brilliant mauve. Sometimes at night we go out for a walk by the river and watch nameless horrors bob by; the river smells like a latrine in hell, but the cicadas in the willow trees that shade it throb like the exotic essence of summer. These purple nights need, maybe, someone to do for them the sort of thing that Dostoevsky did for the white nights of St. Petersburg before the Revolution. □

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Future Schlock

FUTURE SHOCK. *By Alvin Toffler. Random House. 505 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT CLAIBORNE
Mr. Claiborne is a writer and editor specializing in the sciences and their interaction with society. His most recent book is Climate, Man, and History *(W. W. Norton).*

> schlock, *n. slang:* Merchandise of meretricious or obviously inferior quality . . .
> —*American Heritage Dictionary*

America, which leads the world in almost every economic category, leads it above all in the production of schlock. Christmas toys broken before New Year's, wash-n-wear suits that neither wash well nor wear well, appliances that expire a month after the guarantee, Barbie dolls, frozen pizza—these are but a few of the shoddy goods whose main contribution to our civilization, apart from a momentary satisfaction to the purchaser, is to swell the sanitary-fill schlock heaps that are the feces of our Gross (and how!) National Product.

America's schlock output is not limited to material goods, of course. Schlock novels, movies and TV programs are an old story, and the spread of higher education has more recently begotten a new division of schlock software: intellectual schlock. We have schlock anthropology (Ardrey, Morris); schlock psychology (Franzblau, Brothers, many more); and schlock criticism (you name 'em). President Nixon has obviously been relying on schlock economics, even as the Pentagon has long dealt in schlock geopolitics. Most omnipresent of all is the subject of the present essay: schlock sociology.

Sociological schlock, like any other variety, is designed to exploit a human need—in this case, the craving to make some sort of sense out of an increasingly demented society. Since the market is assured, and virtually limitless, the production of schlock sociology for fun and profit is not particularly difficult, given a reasonable amount of imagination and a firm grasp of the major requirements. An important ingredient is a lively literary style; the ideal product should read like *The Decline of the West* rewritten by Vance Packard (who would himself qualify as a schlock sociologist if he were a bit more pretentious). But even a lumpy style can sometimes be adequately leavened by some trendy chapter headings.

The absolutely essential ingredient, however, is an Insight—a phrase that sums up, aphoristically or antithetically, some current—and usually alarming—social tendency and thereby strikes a nerve in the body politic. Representative Insights include "the lonely crowd," "the true believer," "the end of ideology," "organization man," "repressive tolerance" and—the probable granddaddy of them all—"the managerial revolution."

As will be seen from these examples, an Insight need not necessarily be false and in fact is usually true—though a really virtuoso performer can make do with one that is merely catchy ("the medium is the message"). It is not by the validity of his Insight that one identifies the schlock sociologist, but by how he develops it: the fulsomeness of his documentation, the plausible superficiality of his analysis, and the evasiveness of his conclusion.

There is, to be sure, a much simpler test for schlockiness: time. Within five years (and often by the time the book is out in paperback) events will have made clear whether the acuteness of the author's Insight is matched by his understanding of its genesis and future development. Thus it was not many years after Daniel Bell's funeral oration over the grave of ideology that ideological movements dislodged an American President and brought France close to civil war. The reader interested in quicker methods of intellectual quality control, however, may care to consider the following diagnostic traits, any one of which should create a suspicion of schlock, while together they can be taken as conclusive.

Documentation: This will be voluminous, multi-disciplinary and preferably multilingual; the effect will be to overwhelm the reader with "facts" so that he has little opportunity to reflect on whether they are true, let alone whether they fit together. The longer the bibliography and the more obscure or inaccessible its constituents, moreover, the more certain that—whether or not the author has read all the items—no reader will be familiar, now or ever, with more than a small fraction of them. Often, however, the reader can apply the simple touchstone of the "I Was There" test: locate in the index some person, institution or field of knowledge of which he happens to have detailed personal knowledge and then check to see how the author handles it. My own disenchantment with *The Lonely Crowd* began when I read in it a number of statements which I knew to be nonsense—because they dealt with a magazine I happened to be working for.

Analysis: The most conspicuous giveaway is an explicit rejection or an implicit abandonment of logic, but this is dangerously obvious unless the author possesses the bravura of a McLuhan, or is addressing the ill-educated young. Most schlock sociologists, therefore, prefer to rely primarily on obfuscation by means of various identifiable rhetorical ploys, some of which I shall describe in detail in a moment.

Conclusion: However ominous the world that the schlock sociologist portrays, he will invariably conclude that either (a) nothing *can* be done about it (e.g., *The Organization Man*) or (b) nothing *need* be done about it (e.g., *The Greening of America*) or (c) nothing *much* need be done about it—i.e., the difficulty can be resolved without seriously discommoding the reader or anyone else. An author who tells you that dealing with the problem he poses will cost you time, trouble and conceivably your life, your fortune and your sacred honor may be a nut, a commie or an ignoramus, but he is assuredly not a schlock merchant.

Analyzed by these techniques, Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* assays as unmistakable schlock, albeit of superior quality. His style is lively and readable—his chapter and section headings, in particular, glitter with such gems as "The Paper Wedding Gown," "The Modular Man," "Communes and Homosexual Daddies" and (my favorite) "Twiggy and the K-Mesons." And, to do him full justice, he has come up with an absolute dilly of an Insight: Future Shock, "the shattering stress and disorientation that we induce in individuals by subjecting them to too much change in too short a time." Future shock is in effect a subdivision of cultural shock—"what happens when the familiar psychological cues that help an individual to function in society are suddenly withdrawn and replaced by new ones that are strange or incomprehensible." Toffler deserves our gratitude for having the wit to see that culture shock can occur not only in space but also in time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus, he writes, "the increased rate at which situations flow past us vastly complicates the entire structure of life, multiplying the number of roles we must play and the number of choices we are forced to make. . . . The speeded-up flow-through of situations demands much more work from the complex focusing mechanisms by which we shift our attention from one situation to another. There is more switching back and forth, less time for extended, peaceful attention to one problem or situation at a time. . . ." Moreover, "rising rates of change . . . compel us not merely to cope with a faster flow, but with more and more situations to which previous personal experience does not apply."

Given an Insight of this potency, it doesn't much matter that Toffler's account of its origins is overlong and exaggerated, or that his discussion of the physical and psychological ills it entrains is overshort and scientifically inconclusive. Future shock is a reality that most of us can feel in our guts. Change implies uncertainty—and there is a limit to the amount of uncertainty a man can cope with before freaking out; coping with change requires energy—and there is a limit to the amount of energy a man can expend in a given time without succumbing to nervous and/or physical exhaustion. Almost everyone has experienced this sort of overstress at least occasionally; the accelerating rate of innovation in our world and the multiplying choices we must make among innovations now threaten to make it chronic.

Yet for all that, the book, by the tests cited above, still comes out schlock. As regards documentation, we note that Toffler's bibliography includes no less than 358 books, plus seven "consulted" periodicals, in half a dozen languages including the Scandinavian. They range from *A Social Psychological Interpretation of the Udall, Kansas, Tornado* to John Barth's *The Floating Opera*. Less than half of them are listed in the footnotes, engendering the suspicion that at least some of the remainder are padding. Suspicion is strengthened when we notice a tendency common among schlock sociologists: citation of other schlock or quasi-schlock authorities. As a rule of thumb, suspicion of mutual schlock-scratching exists when an author cites more than six works by Vance Packard, Buckminster Fuller, David Riesman, Marshall McLuhan, B. F. Skinner and Margaret Mead, singly or in combination. Toffler cites fourteen. (I should add that my characterization of Miss Mead's sociological efforts obviously do not apply to her anthropological contributions.)

The book also fails to pass a simple "I Was There" test. Toffler, seeking a metaphor for the wracking social transition we are now undergoing, comes up with the "traumatic" period in which our vertebrate ancestors were evolving from fish to amphibians: "Eons ago, the shrinking seas cast millions of unwilling aquatic creatures onto the newly created beaches. Deprived of their familiar environment, they died, gasping and clawing for each additional instant of eternity. . . ." Now, I Was There, in the sense that, having written three books and part of a fourth dealing in one way or another with evolution, I have considerable expertise in the field. I can therefore say flatly that there is not the slightest evidence that during the period in question the seas were shrinking—especially not with such suddenness as to strand millions of aquatic creatures. There is, moreover, much evidence that the evolutionary transition from fish to amphibian occurred, not upon ocean beaches, "newly created" or otherwise, but in fresh-water swamps. Finally, there is no reason to suppose that the transition was especially "traumatic" for any of the organisms involved. Toffler's affecting narrative is pure hokum. Admittedly, *hokum in unum, hokum in omnium* is by no means an absolute principle, but in schlock testing it is a useful working hypothesis.

It is when we examine Toffler's analytic methods, however, that the suspicion of schlockiness becomes certainty, for he consistently uses most of the half-dozen ploys by which the schlock sociologist obfuscates the problem he is ostensibly elucidating. To begin with, the Evasive We, invaluable for shifting the responsibility for a social problem from somebody to nobody. Thus (my emphasis) "*We* have created the disposable person: Modular Man"; "*We* are forcing people to adapt to a new life pace"; "*We* have not merely extended the scope and scale of change, *we* have radically altered its pace"—*und so weiter*. To make certain that an author is employing the Evasive We, replace "we" with "I and my friends"; if the result is gibberish, you are being conned.

Sometimes, however, the Evasive We won't do; only a fool would expect to get away with saying that "*We* are making new scientific discoveries every day and *we* are putting them to work more quickly than ever before." Toffler therefore adopts the Plausible Passive: "New scientific discoveries are being made every day. . . . These new ideas are being put to work more quickly. . . ."—thereby rather neatly obscuring the fact that scientists and engineers (mostly paid by industry) are making the discoveries and industrialists (often with the aid of public funds) are putting them to work. An alternative to the Plausible Passive is the Elusive Impersonal: "Buildings in New York literally disappear overnight." What Toffler is trying to avoid saying is that contractors and real estate speculators *destroy* buildings overnight.

But if not industrialists and speculators, *something* is surely causing social change, and Toffler is too expert a schlockmeister to ignore this fact. He therefore resorts to yet another ploy, Rampant Reification, in which conceptual abstractions are transformed into causal realities. Thus he speaks of "the roaring current of change" as "an elemental force" and of "that great, growling engine of change—technology." Which of course completely begs the question of what fuels the engine and whose hand is on the throttle. One does not cross-examine an elemental force, let alone suggest that it may have been engendered by monopoly profits (especially in defense and aerospace) or accelerated by government incentives (e.g., open or concealed subsidies, low capital gains tax, accelerated depreciation—which Nixon is now seeking to reinstitute).

Space does not allow a detailed discussion of all Toffler's schlock ploys. There is the "Now I Say It, Now I Don't" maneuver, especially useful for trapping critics who, in pouncing on some particularly silly statement, may well overlook the author's own refutation of it some chapters away. There is the Goldbrick Generality, in which a plating of generalized truth conceals the leaden absence of specifics within. ("We would do well to hasten the controlled—selective—arrival of tomorrow's technologies" seems reasonable until you realize that nothing is said about who is to do the controlling, by what social mechanisms, and to what ends.) In fact about the only important ploy *not* present is that favorite of McLuhan's, the Semantic Fast Shuffle, where a word means one thing going into a paragraph and something else coming out. Two devices, however, must be singled out for special attention because they bear on the substance—if that is the word—of Toffler's argument.

The first is the Things Are Usually What They Seem caper. Toffler gets into this because, while deploring the headlong pace of change in general (Goldbrick Generality), he fights shy of attacking specific kinds of changes, and in fact seems to feel that in most areas change is a pretty Good Thing. Thus he finds traditional bureaucracy changing to a looser-structured (and presumably less dehumanizing) arrangement that he calls Ad-hocracy. This is obviously a Good Thing—so long as one ignores the fact that the new Ad-hocracies somehow end

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up doing the same manipulative, self-serving and often stupid things as the old bureaucracies (for documentation, see under PENTAGON, LOCKHEED, BOEING, PENN CENTRAL, etc.).

Again, he sees modern technology as by and large a Good Thing; it does not (as suggested by some) lock us into a rigid, dehumanized existence but rather enormously expands the choices open to us. As an example of these choices, he quotes McLuhan (who else?) on the various "combinations of styles, options and colors available on a certain new family sports car"; the total works out at some 25 million "choices." Unfortunately, every goddamn one of the 25 million pollutes the atmosphere, dents if you lean on it too hard and is unsafe at any speed. As most thoughtful consumers have become aware, the choices open to them are governed by the Law of Minimal Differences: the degree of substantive difference among functionally similar products varies inversely with the number of such products—i.e., as the number approaches infinity, the difference approaches zero. Schlock sociology, like schlock everything else, focuses on the package, not the contents.

Yet despite his evident reluctance to indict any specific changes as dispensable, Toffler has made too powerful a case against future shock to drop the matter there. Indeed, he concedes that both future shock and most of our other problems "stem not from implacable natural forces but from man-made processes that are at least potentially subject to our control." Taken together with his previous citation of the "elemental force" of change, this is of course a Now I Say It Now I Don't, and simultaneously a Goldbrick Generality, since it leaves hanging the central question of what men are in fact making these man-made processes.

Insofar as he makes a stab at answering the question, in passages scattered throughout the book, Toffler resorts to perhaps the most basic maneuver of all liberal schlock sociology: All Men Are Guilty—and So What? Manufacturers are guilty—"many of the annual model changes . . . are not technologically substantive." Well then, should we—meaning I and my friends—try to force manufacturers to dispense with trivial changes? Deponent sayeth not. Manufacturers are guilty—and so what?

Advertising is also not blameless: "Madison Avenue frequently exaggerates the importance of new features and encourages consumers to dispose of partially worn-out goods to make way for the new." Should we perhaps do something about Madison Avenue—say, a truth in advertising law, or a limit on the amount of advertising that can be charged off as tax-deductible? Toffler doesn't tell us.

Consumers, too, are guilty: often the consumer "has a vague feeling that he wants a change." This statement is undocumented and, in my own case, untrue; if anything, I have a by-no-means-vague feeling that change is what I *don't* want. This derives from repeated experiences with a new marketing principle: if it works, change it—whereby products that I know and like disappear, to be replaced by other, inferior versions. But assuming it *is* true of some consumers—so what should we do about it? So nothing!

Obviously, tackling the problem of unnecessary change from any of these directions, let alone all three together, would involve a long, hard and dubious battle. Toffler, as a partisan of the "nothing much need be done about it" school, wants none of this. What he proposes is not struggle but a series of Mad Tea Parties. Thus he recommends "the construction of highly intricate models, games and simulations, the preparation of detailed speculative scenarios" to descry the alternative futures open to us. We must, in other words, consult those clever people who gave us Vietnam—which, as one very knowledgeable commentator has noted, was the most thoroughly "gamed" and "scenarioed" war in history. We need to construct "utopia factories" which can experiment with new models of society. We need, God help us, to "convene . . . democratic constituent assemblies charged with social stock-taking . . . with defining and assigning priorities to specific social goals. . . ." National priorities . . . social goals. . . . Oy! Having told us that we are being psychologically raped by change, Toffler finally concludes that with just a bit of painless social tinkering we can relax and enjoy it.

A meaningful, non-schlock analysis of the future-shock problem would have to begin with Toffler's own unexceptionable conclusion: "Change rampant, change unguided and unrestrained, accelerated change, overwhelming not only man's physical defenses but his decisional processes—such change is the enemy of life." It would continue with the recognition that most changes in our society —at a guess, something like 80 per cent —are unnecessary (in the sense that they make no contribution toward meeting human needs or improving the human condition) and often actively inimical. At best, they are feats of packaging which are not "technologically substantive," which gussie up schlock products —or institutions—for the benefit of their proprietors; at worst, they are substantively anti-human, enforced by top corporate and governmental bureaucrats (or Ad-hocrats) for their own power or profit. (Toffler cites the case of an executive compelled to change his residence twenty-eight times in twenty-three years of married life!)

We do not have to put up with these changes. We do not have to have an SST or an Everglades jetport; we do not have to have the annual spate of new, "improved" models in everything from automobiles to skirts; we do not have to have conglomerates, nonreturnable bottles, paper wedding gowns or any of the other innovations which simultaneously foul up our natural, our social and (as Toffler has made clear) our psychological environments. We do not have to have schlock.

POEM

Unshielded by collective power
you stand before me, six years old
with a shy hesitating smile.
Ready to recoil your half-sprung soul
if I should say that God is white
or you are less than fair and good
or that I love you one iota less
than I have done a moment past.

Then would you hold your heart in check
against a pain which may, or might,
or must be yours, and blank out
laughter loving eyes, or quickly
talk of this and that and anything
to push your soul away from mine.
Love bind up all the tongues of pain
and share with me the gift of life.

Myra

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But to set bounds to these changes, be they inimical or merely spurious, involves facing up to the nature of their source. Toffler himself, in one of his few non-schlock passages, says of technological change what could equally be said of change in general: "In the West, the basic criterion for filtering out certain . . . innovations and applying others remains economic profitability." If we are to seize control of our own future, we must confront the long, difficult problem of restructuring social institutions so that they march to a different drummer, making man, not Mammon, the measure of all things. And if, bemused by the agile evasions and trendy catchwords of schlock sociology, we fail to do this, then we—meaning I and my friends and all the rest of us—will deserve what we get: both future shock and a schlock future. □

War Crimes: Made in U.S.A.

MARK SACHAROFF
Mr. Sacharoff is assistant professor of English at Temple University.

A year after the startling news of the My Lai massacre, a new chapter in the annals of U.S. war crimes is in the process of unfolding. For during 1970 more than a dozen books wholly or partially about American war crimes have appeared, while numerous others will appear early in 1971. What makes this collective publishing all the more significant is that the authors and co-authors of the works include many distinguished Americans: for example, Telford Taylor, chief counsel to the U.S. prosecutor at Nuremberg and a brigadier general; Robert F. Drinan, S.J., former dean of the Boston College Law School; Richard Falk, professor of international law at Princeton; and Robert Jay Lifton, the psychiatrist and social theorist.

The new information and corroborating evidence contained in these works are devastating. What becomes clear at once is that face-to-face killings of civilians, as at My Lai, are—however odious—not the primary U.S. war crimes in Indochina at all. The colossally excessive use of bombs, artillery, napalm, defoliants, asphyxiants and anti-personnel weapons is incomparably more lethal and damaging to people and ecologies than are the face-to-face atrocities. Indeed, most of the books concentrate on the technological war crimes, and view the atrocities by individual soldiers as a logical consequence of the atmosphere of wanton slaughter produced by the operations of heavy weaponry.

The new civilian casualty figures in these works, normally de-emphasized or not discussed at all, should have a sobering effect on all Americans. The Report of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Refugees, for instance, supplies a conservative estimate of 1 million civilian casualties in Vietnam between 1961 and 1970, of which 300,000 have resulted in death. However, Edward S. Herman in his *Atrocities in Vietnam* (Pilgrim Press) calculates that the casualty figure is as high as 2 million, with 1 million deaths, while Telford Taylor in *Nuremberg and Vietnam* (Quadrangle) cites the figure of 150,000 deaths a year, which would make a total of 900,000 from 1965 through 1970. All these sources agree that the overwhelming majority of deaths and casualties are due to American firepower.

The bombings and artillery strikes have also created an enormous refugee problem. Jerry Tinker, author of the Senate report, estimates that 6 million South Vietnamese (more than a third of the population) have been displaced since 1964. This figure is consistent with the estimate by The Concerned Asian Scholars in their *The Indochina Story* (Bantam), that the rural population in South Vietnam has decreased from 85 per cent of the total to 50 per cent—a net loss of 6 million. Meanwhile, both these sources depict appalling conditions in the refugee camps, and also a huge underclass of a special kind of war victim in the cities: thieves, prostitutes (400,000, according to one source), and boy pimps. The Senate study also lists 105,000 civilian amputees, 51,000 military amputees, 258,000 orphans, and 131,000 war widows—a total of 545,000 war victims on the caseload of the official agency known as CORDS (Civil Operations and Rural Development Support). At least 8 million South Vietnamese, nearly half the population, have been killed, wounded or displaced since the start of the war.

If there are any doubts that American weaponry is largely responsible for this devastation, the figures on our expenditure of ordnance should dispel them. Noam Chomsky in *At War with Asia*, Gabriel Kolko in *War Crimes and the American Conscience* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, edited by Knoll and McFadden), and Edward S. Herman all cite Pentagon figures which show that we have dropped 4.5 million tons o bombs and have used 4.5 million ton of ground ordnance in Indochina be tween 1965 and 1969—more than 45 times more firepower than the enem has used. In addition, as the Concerne Asian Scholars point out, by 1969 w had left 3.5 million B-52 craters on th terrain of South Vietnam. Arthur Galsto also writes (*War Crimes and the Amer ican Conscience*) that we have used 10 million pounds of herbicides agains vegetation and 14 million pounds of as phyxiants against people. And NARMIC a group sponsored by the America Friends Service Committee, has studie in detail the depressing variety of anti personnel weapons: fragmentation bomb which cause irregular and hard-to-cur wounds; "Puff the Magic Dragon," which can saturate an area the size o a football field with bullets; bomblet containing steel wires; napalm, phos phorus. Even tear gas (more correctl CS) is not used humanely, to reduc casualties, but actually, as Herman an the Concerned Asian Scholars indicate to flush out the "enemy" (often pre dominantly civilians) from their tunnel into the open, where they are vulnerabl to gunfire, artillery and bombs. Finally "starvation as a weapon" through cro destruction does not harm the Vietcon primarily: as Jean Mayer and other have maintained, it is the children an lactating women who die first. The tota picture, then, is one of multifarious an unrestrained destruction leveled essen tially at civilians rather than combatants in a systematic manner which is incon sistent both with international law and with our professed aims of protecting and saving the South Vietnamese, the Laotians and the Cambodians from communism.

How could this perverse and appalling strategy have come into being? As Chomsky and the Concerned Asian Scholars observe, our strategists accept Mao Tse-tung's theory that guerrilla forces need the rural population much as fish need the ocean. Hence, the correct strategy in combating guerrillas, the policy makers reason, is to get rid of the ocean. The logical consequences of this analysis are: bombings of rural populations to force them into the cities (what Samuel Huntington calls "urbanization" and "modernization"); punishment for cooperation with the Vietcong, in the form of total obliteration of villages; establishment of barbed-wire refugee camps for the survivors of the bombings; denial of food and shelter to the Vietcong by denying them to their civilian supporters; torture and execution of civilians in the course of identifying the enemy. Thus the devastation of Indo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hina is, as Chomsky says, not "an accidental by-product" of strikes against military targets, but is "of the very essence of American strategy." Hans Morgenthau (*War Crimes and the American Conscience*) says: "We are fighting an entire people" and are waging "a war that inevitably will lead to the mass destruction of the South Vietnamese population." Jonathan Schell, in the same book, provides a valuable eyewitness account of a large-scale bombing operation which destroyed 70 per cent of the villages in Quang Nai Province. One area, inhabited by 17,000 people, was largely obliterated.

In the context of this massive and inhuman destruction, carried out as official policy, one can better understand the repellent and callous actions of individual soldiers against civilians, as at Song My. In this connection, Mark Lane's book, *Conversations with Americans* (Simon & Schuster), offers dramatic evidence for the contention that Song My was not an isolated event but merely a more shocking example of what U.S. soldiers have done routinely in Vietnam for five years. In interviews on tape with sixteen deserters (and with an additional sixteen active-duty GIs and honorably discharged veterans, to dispel the charge that the stories are the work of malcontents and traitors), the book relates eleven massacres, involving fifteen to twenty, nineteen, seventy-five and seventy-five civilians, two involving 400 and 500 civilians, and one involving a massive sweep of thirteen hamlets with thirty people in each. Accounts of torture (including sexual torture), rape and indoctrination of our troops in a manner designed to increase hate abound in this disturbing book.

A recent review by Neil Sheehan has created doubts regarding the authenticity of at least four of the interviews, but the book as a whole retains an essential plausibility. Numerous less known but reliable sources have been reporting similar American crimes of war for years. For example, *In the Name of America* (1968) assembled many hundreds of atrocity reports printed in major U.S. newspapers, based on dispatches from the front by American reporters. Moreover, the Citizens' Commission of Inquiry has held public hearings on U.S. war crimes in more than a dozen cities during 1970, and nearly fifty combat veterans have presented eyewitness accounts strikingly similar to the testimony in Lane's book. The commission also takes care to cross-check the identities of its witnesses with the Pentagon.

The question naturally arises, who is responsible for these outrages, these crimes against humanity at all levels, personal and impersonal? All the authors agree that the fighting men, whose crimes are the most visible and sensational, are nevertheless the least culpable. Taylor, citing Nuremberg, affirms that the mitigation of "superior orders," possible for the lower ranks, is not possible for the higher ones. Falk insists that in the Song My case, "the circle of responsibility" has been drawn far too narrowly, excluding the very commanding officers and policy makers whose demands for high body counts have been directly responsible for the indiscriminate killing of civilians. Frank Kowalski, Charles Moskos (*War Crimes and the American Conscience*), Taylor, Herman and others maintain that civilian leaders planned or assented to all the military operations, and thus, in a civilian society, are in the long run most responsible. Falk calls attention to the case of General Yamashita, whom the United States hanged for war crimes even though communications between Yamashita and his forces had broken down at the time of the atrocities. Similarly, General Taylor suggests that the Army will not regain its moral health "until its leaders are willing to scrutinize their behavior by the same standards that their revered predecessors applied to Tomayuki Yamashita 25 years ago."

This impressive array of books by respected authors—the collective view of which is that the United States has committed shocking war crimes in Indochina—will no doubt produce a response among American military and civilian leaders. We can, indeed, anticipate the broad outlines of the legal and military rationalizations for these war crimes. The defense will undoubtedly center upon the concept of military necessity. But as Father Drinan maintains in *Vietnam and Armageddon* (Sheed & Ward), no war policy can be justified if its entire strategy "contains within it a military necessity" to commit war crimes. General Taylor too speaks of military necessity and grants that in many particular cases violations of the rules of war are unavoidable in the pursuit of military success. But he clearly refuses to accept the rationalization of military necessity when it is stretched to include general policy and becomes the rule rather than the exception. If our goals in Vietnam, he writes, require "the slaughter of all the Vietnamese who might be sympathetic to the Viet Cong, then all our talk of 'pacification,' to say nothing of the Hague Conventions, is the sheerest hypocrisy, and we had better acknowledge at once that we are prepared to do what we hanged and imprisoned Japanese and German generals for doing."

Finally, all the authors agree that nothing can be done legally about U.S. war crimes. Louis Pollak, former dean of the Yale Law School, suggests that moral and political efforts are the only ones available. Falk and others argue for a world conference of governments to strengthen and update existing laws of war, and at the same time to exert indirect pressure on the United States to end its unlawful military practices. Taylor observes, "Our leaders will not be tried at the bar of an international tribunal. But there is the bar of history."

The books which these distinguished Americans have written will surely contribute to the verdict of history. They may help our highest leaders to sense the drift of events, so that the fear of censure and ignominy in the future may work changes in them which the fear of prosecution is powerless to do. □

POEM

walking my old haunts
going the way the rest of them did
rivers are red
violence is blue

My friends have no names
I have no feelings
Grass is money
Like green, man

Frank Kuenstler

The facts about discrimination in housing—and what you can do to help overcome it

Today, discrimination in housing is illegal, yet countless communities and neighborhoods continue to prevent integration. If you want to make equal housing a reality in America, read this incisive analysis and see how thousands of individuals and organizations have changed discriminatory practices and attitudes in their areas from coast to coast. With facts and figures, with revealing case histories, the author of this handbook for social change explores the fears, prejudices, and illegal methods that prevent integration; reports on what churches, business firms, and Black Power groups have — and have not — done; and provides sound guidance on the actions you can take locally.

BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT
Integration in Housing
By James L. Hecht
$7.50 at bookstores **Little, Brown**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gifts of Light

NOWHERE BUT LIGHT: Poems 1964-1969. *By Ben Belitt. University of Chicago Press. 90 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

COUNTRY OF THE MINOTAUR. *By Brewster Ghiselin. University of Utah Press. 115 pp. $6 (includes two 7" LP recordings of the poet).*

HENRY TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor teaches English at the University of Utah. He has published a volume of poems, The Horse Show at Midnight *(LSU Press), and poems and translations in various magazines and anthologies. A new volume of poems,* Breakings, *will be published this winter by the Solo Press.*

Each of these books deserves to be discussed on its own terms, at greater length than is possible here, for each is highly distinguished and original. However, they do share certain qualities rare nowadays, which make it reasonable to consider them together.

"Le mot juste" is an expression that one would expect most poetry to bring to mind, but that does not appear to be so. Yet these two poets, each in his own way, suggest it with particular force. Belitt likes unusual words, and can give them a remarkable rightness of context; Ghiselin uses unusual words more sparingly, but his control over poetic texture can make quite ordinary words sound fresh and forceful.

Both modes of precision result in textural density, but here again there are important differences between the two poets. Belitt's closely packed images and echoes, together with predominantly anapestic rhythms, draw me deep into the body of a poem before much of its prose sense is clear; I come to know the poems from the inside out. Ghiselin's poems tend to resist this approach; an understanding of their prose sense seems required for an appreciation of their inner lives. This is partly because Belitt's poems are more personal than those of Ghiselin, who often adopts a prophetic tone.

Here are two passages which illustrate some of these tendencies. First, the beginning of Belitt's "Late Dandelions":

The dandelions, wrecked on their stems
in a carnage of tentacles, conduits, and hoses,
clock-faces timed for a morning's explosion
that triggers the wire in the crabweed with its dynamite charges,
and detonates roses,

are a judgment. Crowding the clover and fern,
something demoniac, a gross Babylonian brass
hammered in sunburst and pentacle,
Medusan or Coptic by turns,
a puffball of plumage on its way to a savage transfigurement,
is struck down in the grass

and time is made human again.

And this is from Ghiselin's long poem, "Sea"; the speaker has just found a skull rolling in the shallows, picked it up for a moment, and thrown it back:

Once universe poured through it freely as there
The sea-gush slid or while it lay too slight
In hand the loose wind. Dead or alive,
Brimming ambiguous music like a shell—
What is it but a husk of whispers. Breathless,
It sighed to me: "I grieve to think how I wasted,
When I was dressed in delight, my dearth of hours
In being so careful to shun both pain and filth.
I would be glad, having the brown dung
Daubing my flesh or blood flowing from it—
Now I am a clicking system of reminders."

Belitt's rhythms carry me swiftly onward, as if my sensibility were being bounced like a billiard ball among the clusters of echoes, until it comes to rest on the apparent simplicity of "time is made human again." I am exhilarated into a willingness to puzzle it out later. I cannot read Ghiselin in the same way; I have to understand, for example, that in the first sentence of the quoted stanza, "sea-gush" and "loose wind" are syntactically parallel, that both "*its*" stand for the skull, before I can proceed with any confidence to subtler mysteries, such as the ways in which the last line is itself "a clicking system of reminders." It should be clear at this point that *le mot juste* does not imply rigidity in either case.

However different the processes of apprehending these kinds of poetry, each of these books conveys a strong sense of thematic concern. Belitt develops ideas about the serenity to be salvaged from a precarious life; in the first section of his book, he veers between Vermont and Mexico, and comes to see himself as an "antipodal man": a figure teetering through disparate worlds, walking on the footsoles of his mirror-image, or of his other self.

This figure conjures up risk as a fact of life and of poetry. How to live with such risks is dealt with at length in "The Gorge," a five-part work arising from the poet's sojourns in Cuernavaca, wher people have learned to live on nearl vertical slopes. Like those people, thi poem is precariously, masterfully bal anced: Belitt combines dense texture wit openness of form, and he handles a wid variety of tones. Serenity comes with ac ceptance of hazard. In the fifth sectio of the poem, as the speaker rides in a ambulance after having fallen, he greet danger in a fantasy of joy:

one slips
toward the tooth of the buzz-saw
while the freight-cars bear downward from Toonerville,
sparkling with danger.

This paradoxical joy can transforn even barrenness and death. That is th subject of "The Orphaning," another five part poem which constitutes a whole sec tion of this book. The section itself take its title from the second part of th poem, "A Gift of Light"; the gift turn out to be reciprocal, for the poem i illumination offered in return for earlie gifts. "Time is made human again," an the losses and gains of the spirit are cele brated with power and dignity.

Belitt's themes are apparent from the beginning, and are developed as th collection progresses. Ghiselin's collec tion, on the other hand, is arranged sc that themes are revealed one at a time progression reveals depth and variety The first three poems in the book intro duce concerns—myth, animals, land scape—which are then developed in the next three sections.

The second section, accordingly, deals with animals, sometimes powerfully enough to resemble prayers to totem-animals, as in this concluding passage from "The Catch," about a badger caught and caged during a snake-hunting expedition:

His furious freedom resounded. At star-lit dawn
Jaws and claws rasping and thudding thump of his thunder drummed once. Long

Silences rang for him, cage-eater greedy of snakes, abroad in the dawn.

In these poems animals have the stature of mythical beasts. It is power over language which makes this possible, and allows Ghiselin to speak convincingly of classical myths. Learned reference, as Donald Hall has said, took much of the life out of the American poetry of the fifties, where myth often seemed to have been dragged in by way of propitiating Pound or Eliot. But Ghiselin is propitiating the gods themselves; he brings them back alive.

Ghiselin's vision of land and sea is one of vast processes in which man is only a part. This is especially true of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two superb long lyrical meditations, "Sea" and "The Wheel"; but it appears also in shorter poems like "Vantage," which, after imagining the end of man, concludes on this note of bleak hope:

If creatures astir on the cliffs
Have then the gift of light, let it
Be larger than ours, that lost
The world and took the moon.

Some of these prophetic poems seem to echo the tones of Robinson Jeffers, but Ghiselin resists Jeffers' misanthropic tendency. Whereas Jeffers sometimes seemed to be writing for man's survivors—birds or stones—Ghiselin is talking to us, now. This becomes clearer in the poems toward the end of the book, which are more personal than the preceding ones might have led one to expect. The love poems are admirable for their grave gaiety.

Each of these books concludes with a section of "extra" items—Belitt's with six translations, Ghiselin's with six poems in Italian. Obviously, both sets of poems are less than central to the poets' main concerns; but each section is excellent in its way. Belitt's translations from Spanish and Italian are, first of all, good poems in English. That is enough to excuse passages which may sound a bit too much like pure Belitt:

A light like a lighted aquarium,
seachange of mirrors that deepened
its rancid effulgence in a carrion corner
of ashes.
—Antonio Machado, "Abel Martín: Last Lamentations"

Ghiselin's Italian poems are beautifully made, and the rightness of their language is obvious; they reveal, in their distinctive way, the high craftsmanship of this substantial poetry. □

Clarion-Ledger-Tribune *in Action*

THE PRESS AND THE COLD WAR. *By James Aronson. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 308 pp. $8.*

RICHARD J. WALTON
Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson. *His critical study of John F. Kennedy's foreign policy will be published by Viking this year.*

The press, unless it has developed a sudden and uncharacteristic taste for criticism, is not going to like this book. Indeed, I very much fear that newspapers, for they are Mr. Aronson's chief targets, are not going to give this book the wide attention it merits. There is no convenient way for a reader to learn, on a current basis, how much and what kind of treatment this tough book receives throughout the nation, but I am particularly looking forward to its review in *The New York Times*, daily or Sunday. For Aronson, to speak plainly, accuses the *Times* of being cowardly, hypocritical and a willing accomplice in the cold-war crusade. There is no American paper I admire more, but until I see the *Times*'s response, which may well have appeared by the time you read these words, I am inclined to accept the charge. In fact, the more I think about it, the more I tend to believe that a serious, fair-minded review of this book is as good a criterion as one is likely to find of the stature of a newspaper. Notice, I said serious and fair-minded, not necessarily favorable.

Aronson was for years the editor of *The National Guardian*, a radical weekly. Some will dismiss his indictment because he is a radical. That would hardly be surprising, but as an establishment journalist myself for most of the past two decades, I must concede that Aronson's basic charge is valid: the American press has been an eager handmaiden of the cold warriors in the White House, the Pentagon and the CIA who have led us inevitably from the Truman Doctrine to the Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon catastrophe in Vietnam. The press, instead of serving its essential role as skeptical interrogator of the government, served rather as cheer leader. Not only the right-wing press of Hearst and McCormick but the moderate-to-liberal press represented by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. To be sure, the situation has improved considerably in the last three or four years, but that is hardly because the press of its own initiative began the kind of questioning of basic foreign policy assumptions that was always its responsibility. It is rather because the failure in Vietnam was so patent that the press could no longer ignore the facts that had been there all along.

Aronson, though a man of passion, is remarkably dispassionate considering the outrage he often felt at this state of affairs. But deep as was his personal involvement, as editor of a radical journal, it is clear that his chief concern is with the profound failure of the press generally during the first two decades of the cold war. He accuses the press of bearing a major responsibility for the cold war and, thus, for Vietnam. He accuses the press—not only the publishers but often the editors, the working reporters and the

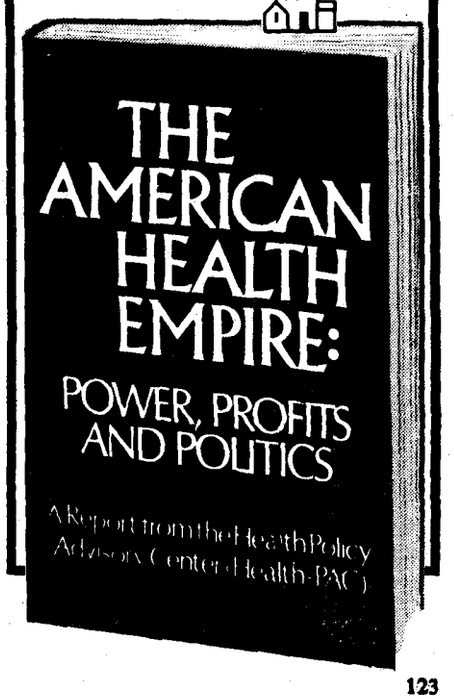
What's behind the American health crisis?

Health care in the United States has never been more costly, or less adequate, than it is today.

The reason for our national crisis, say the authors of this book, is that health care has become a big business — a giant sixty-billion-dollar industry whose main concern is no longer people's health, but profit-making, research, and institutional expansion.

In hard-hitting case studies, the staff members of the Health Policy Advisory Center document the failure of Blue Cross, regional medical centers, voluntary hospitals, and such programs as Medicaid. They show how health care, which began as a human service, has evolved into a powerful Medical-Industrial Complex. Finally, they indicate a positive direction and force for change.

$7.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Newspaper Guild—of frequently and deliberately distorting and ignoring the facts, of drawing false conclusions, of a jingoism more dangerous than that of 1898, of hysteria, sometimes even of malice. Further, he asserts that the press often threw its own men to the anti-Communist wolves rather than stand up for them.

This is no general, fuzzy indictment. Aronson is specific. He discusses, naming journalistic names, the advent of the cold war, the Wallace campaign, the Rosenberg case, Korea, Cuba and Vietnam. Most compelling, for me at least, was his discussion of McCarthyism. He dismisses, with the contempt it deserves, the standard argument that it was the very nature of the press that made Joe McCarthy possible. The argument goes something like this: Sure, the press has to bear some of the blame, but after all, McCarthy was a Senator, he was the head of an important committee and what he said was news. The fact is that McCarthy was given full rein during those shameful years because he was doing the dirty work of the Establishment, however distasteful it might find his methods. And the Establishment included the publishers of and the advertisers in the American press, as well as substantial numbers of editors and columnists. McCarthy was swatted down only when he turned on the Establishment itself. He was still a Senator, still the head of an important committee, but all of a sudden what he said was no longer news; it was relegated to tiny paragraphs buried among the truss ads. McCarthyism, if not McCarthy himself, was a creation of the press. It cannot escape that terrible responsibility.

Aronson, as I have indicated, gives particular attention to *The New York Times*. Part of this may be because of his unhappiness while working for it, part of it because the *Times* is immediately at hand. But the predominant reason seems to be the fact of the *Times*'s significance, not only in itself, not only because of its influence on the rest of the press, but because of its unique influence on the White House and Capitol Hill. I must confess that Aronson is mighty persuasive to a reader like me, who has no detailed knowledge of some of the issues he raises. He certainly is not timid, and he names many of the names in the Pantheon according to Gay Talese—Sulzberger, Reston, Daniel, Bernstein, et al.

Although I find myself in general agreement with Aronson, and admire him very much, I do think he dismisses a bit too quickly the problem that arises when the President asks a publisher to suppress or modify a story in the interest of national security. It seems to me that even in times of nominal peace, situations can arise that would make such a request reasonable, and that there can scarcely be any absolute rule in the matter. I think Kennedy was wrong to ask for suppression, and the *Times* wrong to accede, in the case of the Bay of Pigs. On the other hand, I believe that Kennedy had the right to ask it in the missile crisis and that the *Times* might have been right in holding for a day a story disclosing that Russian missiles were in Cuba. But Aronson is certainly correct in saying that any publisher should be exceedingly skeptical about such a request.

One modest regret. Although radio and television were extremely significant during the period Aronson discusses, he says little about them. But that arises more from the nature of those media than from any failing of the author's. Their impact is enormous but their words are ephemeral, uttered and gone forever. How frustrating for historians.

Although, as I suggested above, the press has improved, it is only to a degree. The war is still on but the press has grown bored with the story. Even the *Times* often runs routine wire service copy from Vietnam instead of digging into the great stories yet to be reported. And Agnew has succeeded in intimidating the press, particularly the broadcasters, as friends in the industry have confirmed to me. Accordingly, *The Press and the Cold War* is still painfully apposite to our situation. □

AGAPE

I had already gotten back in my pants,
coffeed, juiced, & caught
the Lex Local one stop to Bleecker,
transferred at Broadway-Lafayette
to the D Brooklyn-bound,
past Grand St. and out across Manhattan Bridge, the river
flashing yellow & silver under
early morning sun, great spreading wakes of barges up-
river from Wall (St.) Eye and down
to where, off Newark, that green
bitch stands waving at you

I discovered, checking my fly,
I had not yet zipped up .

Everyone smiles. That kind of morning . I thank
god my undershorts are bright yellow .
Here comes DeKalb!

Paul Blackburn

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

I fully understand why Gordon Craig named John Millington Synge his favorite playwright of the Edwardian era: Synge was a poet. But I also do not wonder that the audience at Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1907 hissed and rioted at the first performance of Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*. This comedy in prose which is sheer poetry is also the sternest realism. For an Irishman steeped in his country's myth, the play's veracity must prove searing.

My own impression of the Emerald Isle when I visited it was that the Irish lived there dreaming of Ireland. For them it is a mystic land, peopled by heroes and saints. Synge suggests that it's a funny and very sad place. There is a "great gap" says the *Playboy*'s Pegeen Mike, "between a gallant story and a dirty deed."

Christy Mahon, the playboy himself, comes to a tiny village and asserts that he has killed his dad, an act that all the villagers deem brave, outrageous and no doubt necessary. He is received as an epic figure of whom the men stand in awe and the women hasten to woo. It is true that he struck his tyrannous father a mighty blow on the head with a farm implement, but on discovering that the old man was not actually killed, these simple folk find themselves sorely deceived. When the father shows up and once more tries to browbeat his son, the young fellow strikes again both to free himself of the parental burden and to establish himself surely as a prodigy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But now the little people turn against him and even Pegeen Mike, who was eager to marry the wonder boy, is fiercely determined to see him hanged. Liberated by his momentary defiance of his da', Christy will now go off to wander heaven knows to what outlandish realms. He will be forever regretted but never again protected by Pegeen Mike.

This hilarious parable, written in plain speech which is all enchanting melody, is a masterpiece because it tells the essential truth of its locale—and thus inevitably about more of the "western world" than County Mayo.

Listen to Bernard Shaw in *John Bull's Other Island* on his countrymen: "Oh, the dreaming! the dreaming! the torturing, heart scalding, never satisfying dreaming. . . . An Irishman's imagination never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him, but it makes him that he can't face reality nor deal with it nor handle it nor conquer it: he can only sneer at them that do. It's all dreaming, all imagination. . . . Imagination is such a torture that you can't bear it without whiskey. At last you get that you can bear nothing real at all. . . . [Your wife] despises you because you're not a hero. . . . And all the while there goes on a horrible, senseless, mischievous laughter."

Shaw defines the syndrome, Synge embodies it, and Beckett—a far cry from both—symbolizes it in near-abstract, quasi-religious, negations and blasphemies. All of them recognize the same hard kernel of fact: the irreconcilability between the dream and the real which the haze of alcohol makes unbridgeable. O'Casey rendered the picture concrete through the historic events of the 1916 troubles. Denis Johnston in his remarkable *Moon in the Yellow River* limned the same pattern philosophically which resolved itself in the prayer, "Take away this cursed gift of laughter and give us tears instead."

The Playboy of the Western World is a great comedy: its irony is turned to tender mirth without losing sharp clarity of vision. And it should be further noted that though poor Christy never succeeds in doing away with his besotted father, he does strike a blow, and though he may go bewildered into the unknown, torn by both his bereaved heart and failed rebellion, he is ever more the man for that one impulse and stroke of battle.

Though the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center at the Vivian Beaumont has mounted many excellent plays, I have enjoyed only two of their productions: *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* (which came from the Mark Taper Forum of Los Angeles) and *Playboy of the Western World* directed by John Hirsch.

I do not mean that what we see now is entirely satisfactory—far from it. But it is a much better show than Guthrie McClintic's with Burgess Meredith in 1946 or the later one with Siobhan McKenna. What makes it a pleasure to me are the details of the stage "business" and much of the acting: Martha Henry's Pegeen—though despite her strong voice she is hard to understand at times and is better at scolding than at grieving; David Birney's Christy, though he is perhaps too soft; James Blendick as Pegeen's sweetly pusillanimous suitor; Frances Sternhagen's sensibly forthright Widow Quin; Ray Fry's humorously crabbed Philly Cullen; Elizabeth Huddle's attractive Sara Tansey, and especially Stephen Elliott's Old Mahon, a veritable archetype of grubby cunning. What the production lacks is an overall style and a sustained mood in which the fun is felt as part of a wistful, almost sorrowful, remoteness of background, the aching haggardness of the boggy horizon. But perhaps under the circumstances of our theatre this is too much to expect. *The Playboy of the Western World* is one of the very few plays now worth seeing in New York.

It is rumored that funds for the continuation of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center are at present exhausted. For all my severity about the quality of its productions I very much deplore this. New York badly needs such an institution. As long as one such remains, is functioning, it may yield to improvement. Without it we have little but promises, promises—a musical comedy theatre with guest appearances from Britain.

In New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre under Arvin Brown's direction, I recently saw Maxim Gorky's *Yegor Bulichov*, two different productions of which I attended in Moscow in 1934 and 1935. The next to the last of Gorky's plays, *Bulichov* deals with the passing of the Russian middle class immediately prior to the February Revolution of 1917. It is a play full of meat and meaning; witty, understanding, vigorous and still entirely relevant. It was intelligently played by a generally young company led by the veteran Morris Carnovsky, giving a cannily savory and convincing performance, with a finely light touch in an almost tragic role which a full house thoroughly appreciated. Why don't we see such plays in our Big Town? □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

As part of the argument for its expansion the Metropolitan Museum of Art released a Fact Sheet last year which included these statistics: 90 per cent of the American painting and sculpture and 55 per cent of the European paintings that it owns are not on public view. Given Thomas Hoving's present eminence in the media, these figures were linked to his suspected imperialism. It is true that the space shortage indicated by these figures sounds bad, and it is, but is it any different in the other New York art museums? An unofficial estimate by the Museum of Modern Art puts the buried part of the painting and sculpture collection at about 90 per cent. The Whitney Museum estimate is that in the past seven years about 10 to 15 per cent of the collection has been shown annually, leaving 85 to 90 per cent in storage. The Guggenheim Museum estimates 95 per cent as the bulk of its iceberg, with about 5 per cent showing annually.

Recently the Jewish Museum has announced plans to concentrate on the display of its permanent collection, but this is a special case. For years the trustees and a succession of directors have been torn between hip temporary shows (in competition with the other three modern art museums in the city) and its solemn permanent collection of Judaica. The conservative, patriotic element has finally prevailed, but not until the financial crisis really started to hurt. Since all museums are being hit by this, it is a good moment to consider the allocation of available

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet

A treasury of unique mind-stretching puzzles that can be solved by straight, logical thinking and reasoning. No specialized math. Offers the pleasures of discovering solutions through use of ingenuity, imagination, insight, and logic. Stimulates and refreshes the mind. Fascinating, entertaining puzzles, arranged in order of difficulty, with (some amazing!) solutions and full explanations at end of book. ILLUSTRATED *Order Now!*

$5.95 Postfree • 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee
EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 147-T
251 West 19 Street, New York, N.Y. 10011

BUY YOUR BOOKS
THROUGH THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

funds between temporary exhibitions and permanent collections.

The basic reason for the invisibility of the permanent collections is the stress on temporary exhibitions, which give box office benefits and PR opportunities. Beginning after World War II, in a mood of celebration at renewed international contact, and extended in terms of attendance and tourism, museums have been in a state of perpetual mobility. In addition, this period has been, in the United States, a rich time for acquisitions. There are, too, increasing numbers of artists who are eligible for museum collections, owing to the abolition of the time lag between past and present in museum policy. Originally this was a legitimate aspect of the postwar reduction of exclusivity, but now, a quarter of a century later, permanent collections of modern art have become overlarge and underseen. Museums are thereby being choked by success.

Karl W. Deutsch, in *Nationalism and Social Communication*, points out that any communication system is to be judged by its power of "storing, recalling, and recombining information." Many museums have reached the point at which the multiplicity of specimens they hold (storage) has outweighed recalling (easy access) and reordering. The input and output of museums are out of phase. For the present purpose we can define input as acquisitions. After the arrival of a bequest or a purchase (when it has a good chance of being shown publicly), there follows, almost without exception, protracted periods of idle time. Thus a great deal of the total time of a typical acquisition is unused. The sum of these idle periods constitutes a queuing problem of major dimensions. According to the different goals of different institutions, output can be defined as serving the public, originating research, supporting education, and the museums' huge input has not been matched by their output. Museums, enjoying until lately a period of expansion, have taken everything they could get. If we view the collections as population growth, it is clear that no planning was given to the carrying capacity of the museums. Hence the overload condition at all of them.

I am tempted to regard the museum overload as part of the larger communications jam in the United States. The common source of the stresses in the telephone system, the mails and public transport, as well as in art galleries, is failure of the specialists involved to anticipate the scale of demand. All through the marvelous two decades of temporary shows (each one a tight short-term problem) there has been a steady decline in the maintenance and accessibility of the permanent collections (a complex long-term problem). The energy and wit that have gone into the temporary shows have no equivalent thrust in research and planning for the permanent collections. This has been the province of minor staff and curators in the gaps between working on temporary shows.

As part of the failure of output, the deplorable standard of catalogues of the permanent collections can be mentioned. Two years ago it was announced that William Rubin was working on a catalogue of the American collection at the Museum of Modern Art, but no sign of it yet and it will cover only part of the hoard when it does appear. The Guggenheim catalogue, in sporadic preparation through the sixties, appeared last year as *Selections*, dealing with one-twelfth of the museum's holdings. The Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, has assembled an impressive collection of modern art, but no catalogue exists. Funds were available for purchase, but not, until the New York State Council on the Arts made a grant, for documentation (a catalogue is now in preparation).

This disparity between possessions and their cataloguing is a failure of communication that lies close to the core of museum purposes. If museums are to continue to function as reliable repositories of art for future generations, cataloguing is as essential as conservation, which is, incidentally, still another trouble area. As works travel in temporary shows, as works are viewed by mounting crowds, or as they rest in warehouses, the physical damage increases. Security and preservation are also pending problems in museums, unsolved at the present time beyond the pragmatic decision to treat damage as a calculated risk, regrettable but preferable to unpeopled galleries.

To the fact of the queuing problem is opposed the slogan of decentralization. Distributing collections may be a limited answer to the problem, but only if used as a reinforcing, not a thinning process. For example, the concentrations of the work of William S. Mount at the Suffolk Museum, (Stony Brook, L.I.) and of Monticelli at the Corcoran Gallery of Art (Washington) should be added to, not broken up. Decentralization should not move toward the equalization of all museums, each one with a version of a Duccio to de Kooning survey, with one bit by each artist. All the Jawlensky paintings at the Pasadena Art Museum should stay there, as part of a "Blue Four" concentration.

An alternative to large-scale decentralization is rotating shows from storage, shown—and catalogued—on a regular basis. Perhaps as museums get shorter of funds and enter, as seems inevitable, a stationary state, we shall have a new movement: depot art. The Whitney Museum, which already lends spare works to its 850 members, is rumored to be planning an extension in the area of Wall Street. This would be welcome, both as a service downtown and as an outlet for that 85 to 90 per cent. As for temporary exhibitions, maybe some form of shared gallery (on the lines of the Arts Council of Great Britain's Hayward Gallery in London), jointly operated by participating museums, might be feasible. At any rate, the time is overdue for museums to activate the works of art that they have been acquiring for years, only to bury. □

MUSIC

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10023.**

SERVICES

MOVING can be pleasant. Call **LAKETON VANS.** Licensed, insured, reliable. Low Rates. **(212) 672-5092.**

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 1-25-71

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $12.50

☐ Two Years, $23.00

☐ 6 Months, $7.50

Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Address .....

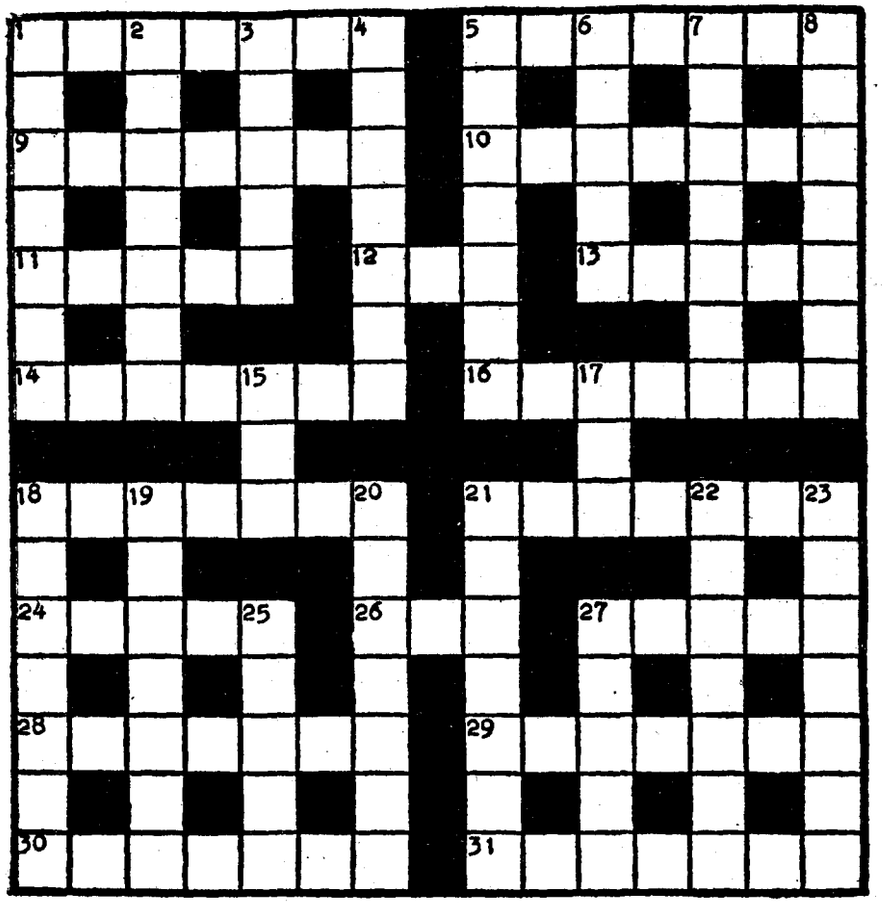
City .....

State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1378

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 What loners might like in business, especially in England. (7,7)
9 An element of tearfulness? (7)
10 Cheese high (at least on one side) if you had one. (7)
11 Coming from Parents magazine, possibly. (5)
12 See 15 down
13 and 22 down The Meaning of Wit? (5, 2, 5)
14 Pertaining to the stomach, what one might step on with most of 3 down. (7)
16 See 27 down
18 Reneger, in a way, less experienced than some. (7)
21 Imperfect conceptions of such as buttons, thread, ribbons, etc. (7)
24 Well-known as the staff might be. (5)
26 See 17 down
27 Lake resort. (5)
28 Prosaic version of "all rite"? (7)
29 Hamper or restrain. (7)
30 An Attic hero might be the plural of this to you and me. (7)
31 Hers are made by the cutter. (7)

DOWN

1 One might expect it between flights in more ways than one—in specific detail and in general. (7)
2 Is a most unusual setting for those who follow a certain chairman. (7)
3 A very short time to pull with a rope. (5)
4 Popular party in the extreme, involving no car wreck! (7)
5 Those who throw things under the furniture? (7)
6 Impairs the objective in writing? (5)
7 The Merchant of Venice. (7)
8 Part of the Union team, possibly. (7)
15, 12 across and 18 down Railroad trains might, as military prisoners used to. (3, 3,7)
17 and 26 across Certainly not cold chow. (3,3)
18 See 15 down
19 Give the right sort of tilt in 67½ degrees. (7)
20 Sifts through puzzling questions. (7)
21 Gets an "E" possibly, and thus nullifies something. (7)
22 See 13 across
23 One who might give out the letters, such as Merlin? (7)
25 "With mirth in funeral and with ——— in marriage." (Hamlet) (5)
27 and 16 across Swap colleges? Some might for these! (5,7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1377

ACROSS: 1 Live and let live; 9 Deseret; 10 Up a tree; 11 Out-and-out; 12 Imago; 13 Tarried; 15 Organon; 16 Excises; 18 Spumoni; 20 Odium; 21 Half-steps; 23 Shannon; 24 Crimson; 25 Constantinople. DOWN: 1 Lady of the house; 2 Visitor; 3 Arrondissements; 4 Ditto; 5 Eruptions; 6 Leading question; 7 Vervain; 8 Reconnaissance; 14 Dysphonia; 17 Chicago; 19 Opens up; 22 Licit.

PUBLICATIONS

IF YOU CARE about church-state separation, freedom of conscience, public education, read **CHURCH & STATE** every month. One year trial subscription and information packet **$3. Americans United,** Dept. N1, 8120 Fenton St., Silver Spring, Md. 20910.

CONFIDENCE and power in dealing with people can return handsome dividends. **164 page book** tells how to create good first impressions. How to get what you want in business and social life. **Book #WB-101—$2.00. BAZAR ENTERPRISES, 313 E. Davis St., Luling, Texas 78648.** Texas residents include 4¼%.

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
Book 3—$2.00
All 3 books—$4.00
Frank W. Lewis
c/o 15 Lakeside Drive
Greenbelt, Md. 20770

PERSONALS

U.S.A. Coin Guide
Shows the value of over 1400 United States coins. Only $1.00.
BELLS COIN SHOP
Box 276
Tolleson, Arizona 85353

WHAT A HORRIBLE PROSPECT

Imagine coming home on Tuesday and Wednesday evening and discovering that there would be no TV programs that evening.

After a day spent ogling the legs of girls with short dresses and short brains, and snubbing all the girls who think there is more to life than just gonadal sex, one sort of expects to get more of the same on TV during the evening.

And then find there is no TV.

Because the wiser ones among us decided that, since we force our children to go to school against their wills (because a certain amount of learning is a duty), we should partake of some of the same medicine ourselves.

Some say that to protest the headlong rush into complete pollution, we should give up the use of our cars for one day each week, or forego liquor completely. And to effect this, wives should resume their traditional status of being sedatives and backbone to their husbands.

Let's at least make a start with two TV-less days.

It's not as horrible as it might be.

D. KORETZ P.O. Box 733 Detroit, Mich. 48231

WRY IDEAS — Exuberant new catalog 25c (deductible from first order). **Wry Idea Co., Box 178-T, Rye, N. Y. 10580.**

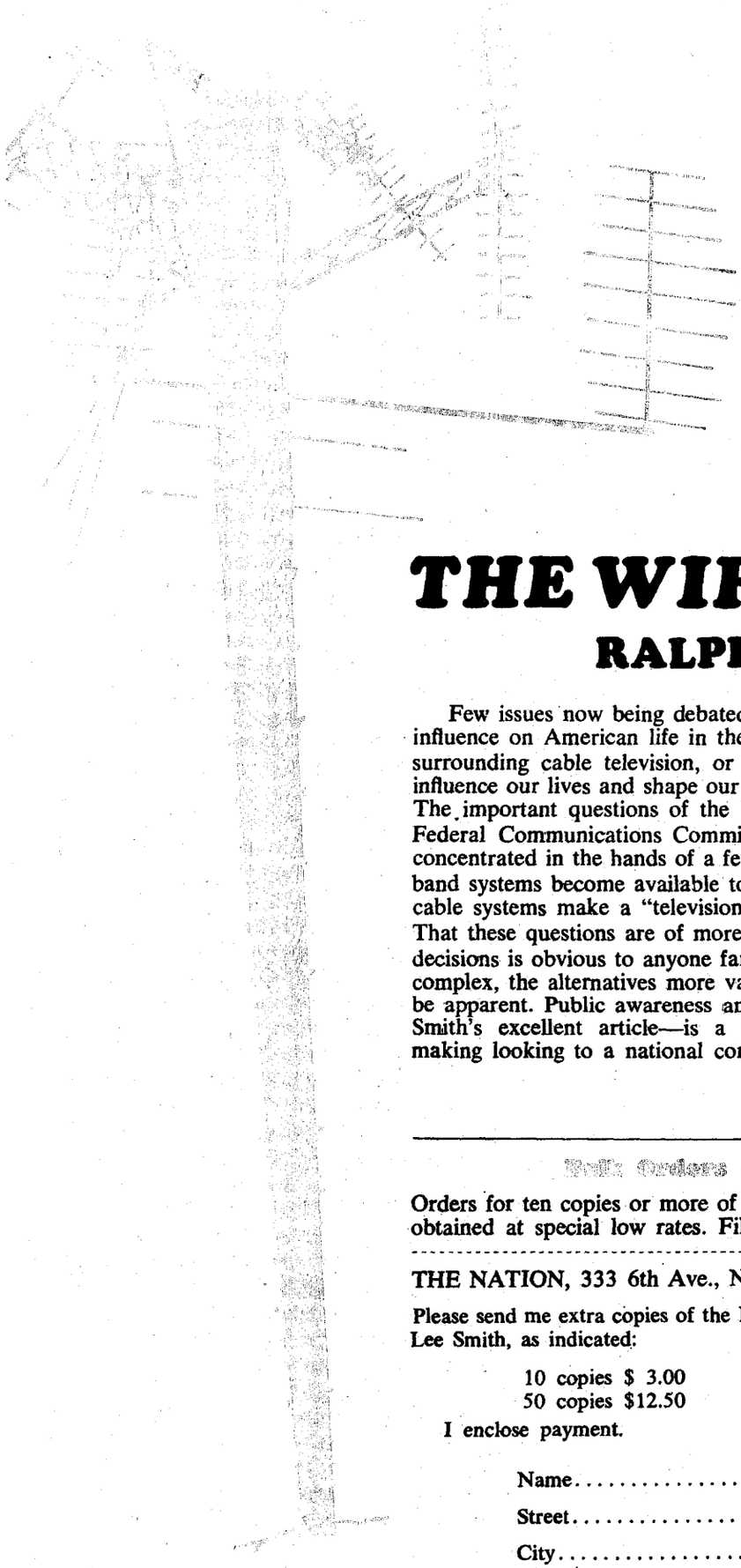
ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including New York's. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), BUTTONS (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

WELL-KNOWN EDITOR-WRITER will analyze and/or revise fiction—non-fiction. **Box 648, c/o The Nation.**

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS
IN THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WIRED NATION

RALPH LEE SMITH

Few issues now being debated by the federal government have more potential influence on American life in the remaining third of this century than the issues surrounding cable television, or "The Wired Nation." Communications systems influence our lives and shape our institutions in ways unlike any other technology. The important questions of the Wired Nation are now being considered by the Federal Communications Commission. Will control over cable television become concentrated in the hands of a few media barons? Will two-way, switched, broadband systems become available to all homes? Will "common-carrier" channels on cable systems make a "television station" available to all who want to use one? That these questions are of more long-range consequence than conventional FCC decisions is obvious to anyone familiar with the subject. That the issues are more complex, the alternatives more vague, and the pressures more intense should also be apparent. Public awareness and discussion—such as will be produced by Mr. Smith's excellent article—is a prerequisite to intelligent government decision making looking to a national communications system for the future.

—NICHOLAS JOHNSON, Commissioner,
The Federal Communications Commission

Bulk Orders of This Issue Available

Orders for ten copies or more of Ralph Lee Smith's "The Wired Nation" may be obtained at special low rates. Fill out the coupon below.

THE NATION, 333 6th Ave., New York, 10014

Please send me extra copies of the May 18 special issue, "The Wired Nation" by Ralph Lee Smith, as indicated:

10 copies $ 3.00	100 copies $20.00
50 copies $12.50	500 copies $87.50

I enclose payment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

N1-25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED